THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

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Four copies " 6,00
Eight " " and one to getter up of club, 12,00
Twenty " " and one to getter up of club, 25,00

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

COTTAGE MUSIC.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I rest my weary head within
My childhood's home again,
And hear once more upon the roof
The gently falling rain.
Sweet music I have heard beneath
The stranger's stately dome,
It never touched my heart like this
Heard in my cottage home.

What matter though long years have passed
Upon their ceaseless round,
And time has touched my hair with frost
Since I have heard this sound.
To-night I am a boy again,
I hear the voice of prayer—
Low mingling with the summer rain
My mother's voice I hear.

Her gentle voice seems pleading now
In accents meek and mild,
As I have heard it years ago,
For blessings on her child.
Again I seem to hear her ask
That God would be my guide,
And shield me in those devious paths
That led me from her side.

What, tears? Has this sweet rain reached down
And touched the springs within?
Has it had power to reach those depths,
Close sealed as they have been?
Is this dark face the world calls cold
Wet with the dew of youth?
Would that I could this weary world
Give back for boyhood's truth.

Thou didst not greet the wanderer,
My mother, when he came;
I knew, though all the world should change,
Thy love would be the same.
I did not think the grave would hold
The form I loved so well,
Ere I could see one loving glance,
Could hear one last farewell.

Long have I been a wanderer
From Heaven, and home, and thee;
My home is changed, and thou art dead,
But Heaven is left to me—
If one who bears the world's dark stain
May seek the Saviour's face,
And travel worn may find at last
In Heaven a resting place. EHRYN.

TRAVELLING ALONE.

CHAPTER I.

The following story is told of a young English girl who was travelling in Germany. Her aunt consulted some German friends as to what class cars she had better send her niece in. They laughingly answered that nobody travelled in the first-class cars in Germany, except English people and madmen. She concluded therefore it would be pleasanter for Helen to go first-class, as she would be apt to run no risk of meeting rude or unpleasant people. After taking her seat in one of the separate departments of the car, which was entirely empty, and which had no means of communication with the other cars in the train, it was a long time before Helen Boyne could manage to divert her thoughts by reading; for when she tried to do so the tears which she fancied she had stayed would flood her eyes once more, and fall in heavy drops. She was hardly conscious even that the train had stopped at the little village of Gerstungen on the banks of the Werra, but was suddenly aroused from her dream of home by a strange gentleman jumping into the carriage in which she was seated, just as the train was in the act of starting.

THE FIRST INDIA TRAMWAY.

All those who are acquainted with India and its affairs must recognize a new "sign of the times" in the fact that a native Prince has at last constructed a railway at his own cost, and has thus inaugurated the investment of native capital in great public works. The *Times of India Summary*, of February 28, notices the event as follows:—"It is not very creditable to European enterprise that the Baroda Prince has been allowed to take the start of us in this matter. On the small 2ft. 6in. tramway between Meagaum and Daubol, now being constructed by the Gulcowar, whose intelligence in thus initiating this enterprise is truly admirable, loads of six tons, exclusive of the wagons, are to be seen drawn by single pairs of bullocks with greater ease and speed than we can now convey half a ton over any Government road in the district. So much is this tramway appreciated, we are told, by the people along the line, that during the monsoon of last year, when a small part of it only had been completed, no less than three rupees per bale were offered and given for the conveyance of cotton for a distance of eight miles. The transport was otherwise impossible from the state of the roads." The enterprise was first undertaken on the judicious advice of the English Resident at Baroda, Colonel Wallace; but it is now reported that the Gulcowar intends to extend the line, permitting the shares to be taken up by his subjects, instead of keeping it, as hitherto, exclusively in his own hands.

The entrance was so abrupt and so utterly unforeseen, that the girl gave a faint scream as she saw the man standing before her. Besides, the appearance of the gentleman was not of the most prepossessing kind. He was muffled to the nose in a comforter, and wore a fur-cap drawn low over the forehead, and with the lappets covering the ears, so that there was hardly any more of the face to be seen than if the man's head had been seen through a visor.

"Thank heaven!" gasped out the man, "I caught the train." And the next minute he was jolted back into the seat with the motion of the carriages. Then having flung his carpet-bag on the vacant cushion next to him, he began to unwind the comforter from his neck, and to remove the fur covering from his head, so that he might wipe the perspiration from his brow. After which he commenced stamping violently to divest his boots of the heavy clots of snow that still clung to the soles of them. "I thought I should have missed it after all," he said quickly, and half to himself, and then turning sharply round to the lady, he added in the same disjointed manner, "You are not a German, are you?"

The brusqueness of the question so startled the affrighted girl that she knew not whether to answer the man or not. On second thoughts, however, she fancied it would be better to be civil to the person, lest he should take offence and be rude to her in return: so, without turning her head, she replied:

"No, sir; I am English."

"Soh!" cried the other, as he mused over the information. The next minute he began to unlock his carpet-bag, and after rummaging over the contents, ultimately drew forth a small hand-mirror, which he held up in front of his face while he examined his beard and the long, lank locks that hung like a lion's mane about his head.

While he was so engaged, Helen Boyne could not help casting a furtive glance at her companion, and, as she did so, she felt assured she had seen him somewhere before; that horrible grizzly red beard, and those straight yellow locks, reaching to his shoulders and tucked behind the large projecting ears, were too deeply impressed in her mind to forget them, and then she fell to wondering where it was she could have met him; it could not have been at the "Klemda," for he seemed to be hardly well-bred enough to be admitted there; and while she was thus musing she noticed that the man was about to draw a pair of scissors from the dressing-case he had removed from the bag, but the sudden appearance of the guard at the window of the carriage made him thrust them hurriedly back again.

"Your ticket, if you please," said the man. "Where are you going to?" he inquired, as he took the bit of pasteboard in order to make the customary hole through it.

"You can see if you can read," snappishly answered the new comer. And as he took the ticket back from the official, he held it in front of his face, as he cried, "Can't you see Gerstungen to Cassel; it's printed large enough. I go from there to Frankfort this afternoon, can't I?"

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

The manner of the stranger was so peculiar, and there was such a restlessness about his eyes, that the guard could not help saying, before pulling the window up again, "Is this gentleman annoying you, madame?"

Helen Boyne could not answer the question in the affirmative. It is true she objected to the man's company; then she was too polite-minded a girl to ask for his removal from the carriage on that account, for she felt it would be casting a stigma upon him that he in no way deserved. So she stammered out:

"Oh, no, thank you, not at all."

The words were no sooner uttered than the window was closed again, and the guard was off walking along the narrow ledge outside the carriages to collect the tickets from the new comers while the train was in motion.

"Soh, now we are all right till we get to Cassel," cried the stranger, chafing his palms together, but whether for the sake of warmth or exultation it was difficult to say.

The words, "from Gerstungen to Cassel" rang like the drone of a cathedral bell for many a minute in the mind of the young girl. That man was to be her companion alone in the carriage for many an hour of her long journey. She would get out at Cassel and ask the guard to place her in another carriage. It was curious why he should have chosen to travel first-class, for it was evident by his manner and appearance that he was ill-able to afford the extra expense. Then she thought of what she had heard the day before at the hotel in Eisenach, that none but English people and mad folk ever resorted to those carriages; and as the recollection flashed through her mind she shuddered with alarm as she asked herself whether her companion could possibly be a person of deranged mind.

The rapid disjointed utterances he gave vent to, the incoherence of his actions, his restlessness and irritability, all tended to convince her that she was locked in that carriage alone with a lunatic. Gracious heaven! what would become of her? If she had only pondered over the matter a few minutes before, she could have sought protection of the guard while he was at the window. What should she do now? She would put down the window that very minute and shout for help, and then even while her hand was on the frame ready to put the first thought into execution, a second crossed her mind. Where was the good of that? Who could hear amid all the clatter of the moving wheels and the gasping of the engine. If there was only some one in the next apartment she would knock at the partition and beg of them to help her; but—no, she could hear no one speaking, and knew that she was alone in her terror. Well, she would do all she could to calm and soothe, rather than vex, the man; then, perhaps, by humoring him she might be able to ward off any great danger until they reached the next halting-place.

Absorbed with such musings as the above, the girl for a moment turned her head from the stranger, and was busy looking through the window sideways now towards this end of the train and then in the direction of the other, in the hope of catching sight of the guard before he returned to his seat on the top; and when she found the official was nowhere to be seen, she turned round again and discovered her red-bearded companion in the act of trying to cut the hairy appendage from his face, as he held a pair of scissors in one hand and the little mirror up before him with the other.

If Helen Boyne had had any doubts of the man's sanity before, she was now fully convinced that her fellow traveller was nothing less than a confirmed maniac—no decent person of sound understanding would be guilty of such impropriety in the presence of an unprotected young lady.

The attempt of the fellow, however, at extemporaneous hair-cutting was utterly idle under such circumstances, for the motion of the carriage as well as the reversed movements of his own hand as seen reflected in the glass, rendered it extremely difficult for him to divest his chin even of a lock or two; and as the girl saw him nearly run the sharp point of the scissors into his throat, she started and half shrieked in her alarm.

The cry made the man turn sharply round and look wildly at her, and then he gave a faint titter, and rising from his seat, went and placed himself directly opposite to the girl.

"Merciful Heaven!" she breathed to herself, as her heart sank like a heavy stone within her; "what will *he* do, and what shall I do now? *If* I move away he will follow me and be angry, too."

But there was little time for vague surmise, for the man soon said:

"May I ask, Mees" (the German rendering of Miss) "to do me a favor?" and as he uttered the words he smiled grimly at the terrified girl and half bowed towards her.

Helen Boyne paused for a minute as she almost foresaw the ugly boon the fellow was about to seek of her, and then stammered out:

"I shall be happy to do anything I can to oblige a fellow-traveller; but I must beg of you to remember that I am a young lady, and unfortunately an unprotected one also, and therefore I entreat of you, as a gentleman, not to request me to do anything which I cannot consent to do with propriety."

"Oh, don't be alarmed, Fraulein," blurted out the other, "I am harmless enough if you take me the right way. All I want of you is to cut my beard and whiskers clean off."

It *was* as she had expected, and the poor girl in her modesty put her hands before her eyes as she sobbed out from behind them,—

"Oh, sir, I'm a stranger to you, and I blush to hear you ask me to do such a thing."

"Come, come!" said the man, holding her hands down, "what should you blush about? I'm not going to ill-use you, and for the little matter of hair-cutting, you needn't put on these romantic flights, for in many parts of Europe the barbers are women, and no one looks upon them as indelicate people."

"But, sir, they are used to such an occupation, and I am not," wept on the girl, "therefore I implore you wait till you get to your destination, and have it done by such as make a calling of it, for indeed, indeed, I *cannot* do it."

"Oh! oh! you can't, can't you? Too fine a lady, no doubt," said the man, with a surly scoff, "to play the barber; but we'll see."

"What would you do?" gasped Helen Boyne. "You would not *force me* to touch you?" and the girl shuddered with horror from head to foot.

"No force, only a little strong persuasion," was the cool determined reply, as he drew his carpet-bag towards him and then dragged from the bottom of it a small revolver pistol which he placed on the cushion beside him.

"Heaven! You would not murder me, man?" cried the girl, as she started up from her seat.

"Bah! I shall have no time to spare there. Besides, it is my whim that you, and you alone, shall be my hair-dresser," returned her opposite neighbor wildly. "Di-

"Do so, sir," faltered out the girl, "why not wait till we get to Cassel, and then I will willingly pay the money out of my own pocket to have it done. I should only wound you in the terrible tremble that I am in now."

"Bah! I shall have no time to spare there. Besides, it is my whim that you, and you alone, shall be my hair-dresser," returned her opposite neighbor wildly. "Di-

CHAPTER II.

Helen Boyne was a strange instance of the combination of two opposite qualities: an utter want of nerve on certain occasions, and a marvellous strength of nerve upon others; for silly little coward as she was at one time, she could still play the heroine even to the extravagance of melodramatic action at another. What wonder then that the damsel with eyes as full of fire as those of a blood-horse, should at one moment be leveling a pistol at a ruffian's head, and threatening to shoot him down if he moved a step towards her—as though she were some Amazonic young lady in a penny romance of thrilling interest—and the next minute be crouching with the acutest fear, like a well-beaten spaniel at the feet of its master. Even the strongest minded of men can hardly bear to look steadily down the barrel of a loaded gun presented at their forehead; so it was but natural that poor Helen should have averted her head, and shrunk away as far as she could from the ring of ugly black holes that formed the end of the revolver held within a few inches of her face.

"Now, girl," cried the fellow, "take the scissors and clip away. It's no use shivering there like an Italian grayhound. Do the work quickly, and you have nothing to fear; but hesitate, or attempt to raise the least alarm, and I can tell you I am too desperate a man to make any bones about taking your life. There, lay hold of the scissors, I say, and get the job over as quickly as possible;" and so saying, he thrust the scissors into her hand.

"Oh, sir!" faltered out the girl, "why not wait till we get to Cassel, and then I will willingly pay the money out of my own pocket to have it done. I should only wound you in the terrible tremble that I am in now."

"Bah! I shall have no time to spare there. Besides, it is my whim that you, and you alone, shall be my hair-dresser," returned her opposite neighbor wildly. "Di-

ately I looked at myself in the glass. I made up my mind to have it all off; and when I appeared that afternoon at my father's door, I was determined you should have the shearing of the sheep; so come, to your work, for there is no time to lose. Do it quickly, I say again, and you are safe against injury from me."

The girl felt that she was in the power of a ruthless master, and knew that it was as much as her life was worth to refuse to carry out his mad whim; so she merely ejaculated with a deep, hysterical sigh, "But may take that ugly pistol away, sir, and then I will try what I can do." And when the man had lowered the hand in which he held the weapon, and thrust his grisly chin forward towards her, the girl shuddered from head to foot when she laid hold of the end of the ugly red beard. As she raised the scissors in her hand, her first thought was, "What if I stab the wretch in the throat with them?" But she paused for a moment in the frenzy of the thought, and the cunning ruffian, half guessing what was passing through the girl's mind, raised the hateful pistol once more—a movement so significant, that it quickly caused her to cast aside all ideas of vengeance. The next minute the locks began to fall thick and fast into her lap, and as they did so she shook them from her dress with her knees, as if they were a knot of adders clinging to her.

"Good! good!" shouted the fellow. "Cut it close off—down to the roots, girl—whiskers, moustachios, and all. Make me as bare as a clipped poodle."

"There!" cried the girl, after a time, "thank Heaven it's over now—and I haven't wounded you either."

"Ay, you have done it well enough so far as it goes; but come, your task isn't half finished yet," said her ruffianly companion.

"Augh!" groaned Helen. "What else am I to be forced to do?"

"Here, all these locks must away as well," and with the words, the man lifted up a large bunch of the yellow mop of hair that dangled about his shoulders; so putting his head down nearly into her lap, he waited for her to continue the operation.

The girl had now so far overcome the loathing which she felt at the commencement of her arduous task, and was so far satisfied that if she complied with his lunatic freak he would remain quiet, that she began to ply the scissors again as rapidly as she could, so as to have done with the filthy work as fast as possible; and it was not very long before she had shorn the wretch's head as close as a convict's.

"Ah, that's capital!" he ejaculated hurriedly, as he rubbed his hand over his round bare skull that was now not unlike a huge skittle-ball, and then drawing once more the little mirror from the carpet-bag in the netting above, he began to gaze at himself again in the looking-glass. "Thunder weather!" he burst out with a hoarse chuckle, as he gave vent to the customary oath of the Germans, "I shouldn't know myself if I were to see my face now. Come look at me, girl," he added, seizing her by the wrists and dragging her round towards him. "Would you believe it was the same person who stepped into the carriage some hours ago?"

"No, sir," she faltered out, and then averted her head again as quickly as she could, for hideous as the fellow had appeared to her before, he looked now even more repulsive than ever, the color of his hair being so light that his head seemed to be absolutely bald all over, and had more the semblance of a skeleton skull than the cranium of a living being, while the broken black stumps of teeth that had been previously hidden by the terrier-like fringe of hair on the upper lip, were now visible with hateful distinctness every time he grinned.

"What strange mania was on the man?" she asked of herself, as she took up her book and pretended to read, so that she might fix her eyes upon some other object than the hateful one before her. "Why should he be bent on removing every bit of hair from his head and face, and that at a time when the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the frost glistened, like ground-glass, upon every window-pane? Why, too, should he have forced *her* to cut the locks from him, when in a short while he could have had it done in Cassel by a proper person? Oh, yes, there was no other solution to the riddle but insanity—some wild, sudden caprice that the miserable deranged creature had no power to resist." But the maiden's reverie was soon put an end to by the man asking her, as he let down the window to toss to the wind the lumps of hair that lay heaped at the bottom of the carriage, saying, the while, "What on earth do you take me for, Fraulein?"

Helen Boyne was so startled with the apparent sagacity of the tone in which the question was asked, that she started, as if she fancied some other person had put the question to her, and then replied, without taking her eyes from the book, "You Germans, sir, have a saying that only English people and madmen travel in first-class carriages in this country."

"Ish!" replied the man, closing the window; "you are the English person, and I—" but he broke off suddenly, adding, "You are mistaken, Fraulein; I am no lunatic, nor have a purpose to serve, and for the time occupying one of my object it is necessary, otherwise I reaching Cassel, that I beg another favor at your hands."

"Heaven! Heaven!" thought the girl, "what fresh infirmity is now to be put on me?"

"Come, there is no trouble nor further fear, for what I am about to ask," said the man, "is merely a promise from you."

The girl, though somewhat relieved, still sat in terrible suspense, awaiting the issue. Nor was this in any way lessened when she beheld him once more grasp the revolver that still lay on the cushion at his side.

"Now listen to me, Fraulein; you must swear to me," he continued, "by all your hopes of happiness in this life, and of salvation hereafter, that you will not breathe a word of what has occurred to-day in this carriage, until a month has passed, and then you have my permission—ay," he added, with a snap of the fingers, "even to publish it in the newspapers, if you will. Come, now swear to me."

Helen Boyne hesitated, for she had made up her mind, directly she reached Cassel, to report the whole of the circumstances to the guard, and to demand that he should see her protected for the rest of the journey.

"You hesitate to take the oath, do you?" cried the fellow savagely. "Now hear me out, young lady; this pistol is loaded in every barrel, and if you do not take the oath I have enjoined, one of the bullets puts an end to you, and another to myself. So give me your solemn oath that you will not breathe a word nor give so much as a hint to the officials at Cassel as to the description of your fellow-traveller, or whither he was going, or what he had compelled you to do."

Helen saw by the determined manner of her companion that there was no hope for her but to give the solemn promise he demanded of her, so she murmured, as distinctly as she could, owing to the fright that still possessed her, for she saw the man's finger was once more on the trigger of the revolver which he held in his hand, "You have nothing to fear from me, sir."

"Ay, but swear it," he cried. "Have you nothing sacred about you by which to enforce the oath?" and then rudely throwing her cloak open, he discovered a little golden cross hanging from her neck. "Swear upon this token, by all your hopes of redemption, that you will keep silent, and I have done."

"I do," answered the girl; and as the man forced the little cross to her lips, she kissed it as a pledge of the sacredness of her vow. Then, to her great delight, she beheld the man begin to repack his travelling-bag, and to stow away the terrible pistol once more, as well as the mirror and the scissors, into the side-pocket from which he had originally drawn them; and when she heard the lock snap she felt as if some heavy incubus had been removed from her bosom, and she were waking up from an awful nightmare dream.

The next minute the man was busy costuming himself as when he had entered the carriage; the fur cap that fitted as close as a helmet, when the ear lappets were tied under the chin, was once more resumed, and the long woollen comforter wound round and round the neck, and drawn close up to the nose, until it looked like a clumsy red respirator covering the lower part of the face.

"In a moment we shall be at Cassel, Fraulein, and then, be assured, if you break your oath," he went on, while he scowled with a terrible menace at the girl, "there will be no hope of your escaping my vengeance wherever you may be," and before the train had fully stopped, he sprang on to the broad stone platform, and hurried into the refreshment room.

Helen Boyne was too weak to be able to move from the carriage, for she felt that if she attempted to rise from it she must stagger like one after a long fever; nor could she even give heed to the crowd that kept shuffling along in their high fur-boots and clumsy felt over-shoes, that made them seem like so many gouty old gentleman. Neither did she hear the boy cry "sausage-breads! ham-breads! beer-schnapps," as he came and stood at the open carriage-door with the tin tray of refreshments slung before him, and with the tall glasses full of *Lager-bier*, arranged in a kind of big black cruet-stand, dangling from his hand; the girl had her face buried in her hands, and was sobbing away, half with joy at her deliverance, and half from the depression of the fright that had overcome her like a palsy.

"Is the Fraulein ill?" asked the boy; but as the question was unheeded the lad jerked his head, as if beckoning to some one hard by, and the minute after, the guard was at the carriage door with his face, swarthy as a gipsy's with the smoke of the engine, and the high black sheepskin collar of his gaberdine-like over-coat standing up about his ears and neck; for the seats of the railway officials accompanying the trains in Germany consist of mere low-backed arm-chairs perched on top of the carriages, and so exposed to the wind and the smoke of the engine, that the guards after a journey have the same Creole complexion as the stokers.

"The train stops here a quarter of an hour, Fraulein," said the guard, as he entered the carriage, and touched the girl gently on the shoulder. "Would Fraulein like some refreshment? A cup of hot coffee might do her good: shall the boy here bring it you?"

But as the girl merely shook her head without looking up or taking her hands from her face, the official added in a softer tone: "What ails the Fraulein? Has that fox-bearded fellow I saw in the carriage been rude to the young lady?"

"I have no complaint to make against him," the moody fellow cut in a loud voice. "He and Fraulein has left the train, staying," went on the man, with all the civility of undigested complaint. "Can I do anything for the lady before I leave, for I don't go any farther than this station with the train."

"Nothing, thank you," said Helen; "all I want is to be left alone."

"Then," said the man jestingly, as he quitted the vehicle, "the Fraulein couldn't have come to a better place than a first-class railway carriage at this time of the year."

The flood of grief had now somewhat subsided, and Helen Boyne began to feel as if she had strength to look for the reticule which contained the bottle of smelling salts that she had so longed for, but wanted power to search for previously. She had upon entering the carriage placed it upon the cushion before her, and as she leant forward to reach it, she recognised the familiar little Eisenach newspaper (no bigger than a sheet of ordinary letter paper). In an instant she knew it must have fallen from the man's carpet-bag, and with a strange fascination of fright she could neither keep her eyes or her fingers from it, and the curiosity that was on her restored her, for a minute or two, to her senses. She scanned it all over as hurriedly as a person reads a long expected letter, her eyes flying from paragraph to paragraph, with all the restlessness of mental distraction till she came to the official announcements near the end, and there she found that a clerk in one of the Government offices of the town had absconded with a large sum of money, and that he stood charged with having falsified entries, and forged signatures to receipts, and when she had read the description of the delinquent that was appended, she saw in a minute the clue to the mystery of the adventure she had been forced to take part in.

The girl was busily engaged in pondering over the printed description of her late companion, and saying to herself that the desperation and restlessness of the man were now fully explained, when the guard appeared again suddenly at the carriage-door, and said:

"I beg your pardon, Fraulein; but didn't you hear the man who was in the carriage with you say he was going on to Frankfort by this afternoon's train?"

The young lady remained silent.

"You remember, Fraulein, when I asked him for his ticket?" added the guard quickly.

Still there was no answer.

"He didn't tell you anything about himself, or where he was going to—in the course of conversation, you know, Fraulein—as sometimes happens, you know, among strangers travelling together?" chattered on the guard inquisitively, as he waited eagerly for the answer.

"No," was the reply, "he told me nothing."

"Did the Fraulein see which way he went when he got out of the carriage?" inquired the official.

The damsel, again, shook her head.

"Tut! tut! tut!" said the man; "if I had only gone to the office directly, the fellow couldn't have slipped through my fingers, nor the reward either. But I know how he is dressed, and could pick his foxy beard and long yellow hair out of any mob. So he can't well escape me yet."

Some quarter of an hour after the above colloquy, Helen Boyne had sat speculating a hundred and one odd things during the brief interval as to her fellow-traveller's wretched career and fate,—the doors of the carriages were heard to slam one after the other, all along the line, preparatory to the train starting once more, and just as the scream of the whistle rattled against the wall of the long station, the door of Helen's carriage was once more suddenly opened, and a man in a soft felt Tyrol-shaped hat dashed into the seat next to it, and with the high fur collar of his coat turned up over his ears, immediately nestled up into the corner, as if he were arranging himself to sleep through the journey.

"Another intruder!" sighed the damsel to herself. "Had I thought there was a chance of such a thing, I would have asked the guard to shift me into a second-class carriage. Whereupon, she inwardly made a resolution to do so on reaching the next station.

The next moment the train was off, and in a few minutes afterwards another guard made his appearance at the window to inspect the tickets of the passengers, and as he did so, the stranger in the "Garibaldi hat" and huge fur cloak, handed up his ticket to be perforated, saying the while:

"From Cassel to Hamburgh."

"Gracious Heavens!" ejaculated Helen, to herself; "it is he again. I could recognize that voice anywhere, now," and as the idea flashed across her mind, the man turned his head and looked towards her, out of the corners of his eyes, with the same threatening glance as when he left her.

As soon as the window was closed, and the guard had retired along the little external ledge to the second-class carriages, the man threw the cloak back, and slightly raising his hat to the young lady, inquired with a bow, "whether she had expected to see him back so soon again."

CHAPTER III.

"You didn't think to meet me so soon again, did you, Fraulein?" repeated the new comer.

The trembling girl could only shudder out,

"I imagined you had fled—I mean gone to Frankfort."

"Ay, and so the railway officials will fancy too. There's nothing like throwing the hounds on the wrong scent," returned the fellow with a triumphant chuckle. "But why should the Fraulein have made use of the word *fled* when speaking of my movements?"

"Why, I—I—I—" Miss Boyne hesitated, for she hardly knew what excuse to give for so significant a slip of the tongue.

"There, it's no use palavering, girl," was the surly rebuke of the man, "I see it all. The 'KREIS-BLATT' there," he added, referring to the Eisenach journal, "that I forgot to put back into my bag, has told you all. No one with half an eye could mistake the description; but it would require a pretty good judge of character to recognise me now. Well I don't mind about you knowing my secret, for I shall be far away before you can harm me. Do you know where I am bound to now?" he inquired, significantly, as he again commenced unlocking the little carpet-bag.

"You said you were going to Hamburgh," the girl shuddered out, as the question revived the idea of her having such a companion all the way.

"So I told the guard; but that's not my road, depend upon it, or I should not be fool enough to mention it," was the knowing answer of the runaway. "Men in my desperate condition stick at nothing, and I can tell you that in the mood that's on me I'm ready to sacrifice everything—truth, honesty —ay, and even human life, if necessary, to get clear away. You are sure you said never a word to the guard at Cassel, girl?" and she looked her so full and savagely in the face while he went towards her and seized her by the wrists, "for if you had, he has told it to the men on duty by this train, and then I shall have hard work to dodge them yet. Are you sure you have kept faith with me, girl?" and he wrenched her wrist round in the fury of his doubts, that Helen shrieked out with pain. "My God, if I thought you had sold me, I would have your blood on the spot, young as you are," and the next minute he held her face tightly in his hands, and looked straight into her eyes to see if he could detect the least look of treachery in her gaze.

The stare of the man was like that of a furious wild beast, and so terrified the girl, that in a minute or two the eyes began to swim, and the blush to fade rapidly from her cheeks. On the fellow releasing his hold, her head fell back as powerless as if her soul had withered under his glance.

"Fainted, or shamming," said the man, callously, and he flung himself down in the seat before her, and began to unlock his bag for the second time, and to draw from it the revolver as before. "Come, come, Fraulein," he then cried, as he proceeded to shake the comatose girl violently by the shoulders, "I've no time to put up with this fine-lady nonsense. Open your eyes, girl, I have something else that you must do for me."

Half insensible as the damsel was, still the stupor was not sufficient to render her deaf to such words. The speech was too terrible for her to admit of her quickly fainting at such a time. Accordingly she started up wildly, and rubbing her eyes as if roused by some sudden commotion out of a deep sleep, and staring wildly about her, asked almost frantically,

"What would you have me do now?"

"Give me your handkerchief," was the answer; and Helen watched him anxiously as he spread it out upon his knee, and then proceeded to fold it up into a broad bandage, nor did she fail to notice that the revolver lay on the cushion at his side.

"Oh, Heaven," she cried aloud piteously, while she raised her clasped hands and fell upon her knees before the fellow, "what would you do with me?"

"Blindfold you, girl," bluffly rejoined the other.

"Oh, mercy! mercy! you are never going to take my life?"

The ruffian, however, made no answer, but merely forced her head down, while he placed the bandage over her eyes and tied it securely at the nape of her neck. What pen shall tell the agony that poor maiden suffered in her darkness: for she made sure that the fellow had seen her speaking with the guard while the train waited at Cassel, and that fancying she had betrayed him, he had returned solely to execute the vengeance he had threatened her with. She expected each moment to be her last. How she listened for the clicking of the pistol that was to warn her of her doom. But though her senses were rendered tenfold more acute by the horrible suspense in which she was kept, she could hear only the man tumbling the articles out of his carpet-bag. "Oh," she cried in her anguish, "tell me what you are going to do with me—any fate is better than this. My heart will break. My head will burst if you keep me here much longer. But let me know how I am to die, and I will try and bear it patiently. Oh, cousin Willie! cousin Willie! if you only knew what has befallen me."

For some five minutes the bewildered girl was left to suffer in this manner, and then to her utter surprise the bandage was suddenly withdrawn, and to all appearances an utter stranger sat before her.

Had she really come out of the ordeal? Had she only the stranger's clothes and dress of her sex, in Frankfort, and to say that the possession of that hold would write a letter to her by that night's post, and treat her to come to her there immediately, as she felt as if she would never rise from her bed again.

Nor was it until two days had passed that Madame Steindorf was able to join the girl, and then she learnt from the medical gentleman who had been called in, that the young lady was suffering from some violent shock to her system, but how it had been caused it was impossible for him to learn from her. For the first night he had been afraid she would sink into a state of collapse, so utterly prostrate was the poor constitution. She must have suffered, in his opinion, some terrible fright; had there been an accident on the line that would have accounted for her symptoms, for he had seen such cases even when not the least bodily injury had been sustained. But though the guard of the train had been questioned, he could give no account of the girl having been frightened in any way; all he knew was that she had travelled with a gentleman in a first-class carriage, and that the young lady made no complaint to the officials whatever on arriving at the station.

"There is some fearful mystery in all this," thought Madame Steindorf, "and I must have it cleared up somehow."

The first point to be attended to, however, was the restoration of the poor girl herself, for the doctor added, "that he was afraid of fever setting in now that some slight symptoms of reaction began to manifest themselves; the pulse had been getting quicker and stronger all day, and if he were not much mistaken, the girl would be in a state of delirium that night—and then it would be impossible to say which way the case might go."

The physician was right. Some hours or two before midnight Helen Boyne was raving, and describing ugly apparitions: now of some man with a red beard, who was pointing a revolver at her head, and now of another with black ringlets, who was blindfolding her eyes. At one time she was begging of the man to spare her life, and the next minute swearing a solemn oath never to divulge his secret.

Madame Steindorf sat patiently by Helen's bedside, bathing her burning and throbbing temples, and giving her cool drinks whenever she could get her to take them; but never for a moment venturing to divert the current of her dreams, for she knew that by letting her rave on, and afterwards putting together the disjointed sentences uttered in her wanderings, she would be soon able to make out the puzzle, if not to bring the ruffian within reach of justice.

And so it happened. In the course of that long night Madame Steindorf had, with the doctor's assistance, obtained sufficient clue to give information to the police as to the disguise of the runaway government defaulter, and with their aid telegraphic despatches were forwarded to each of the German ports trading with America, and before many days had passed news was received that the culprit had been arrested at Bremen while in the act of boarding a vessel that had already hoisted sail for New York.

It was long after that before Helen Boyne was well enough to resume her journey to Hamburgh, and when she did she travelled thither in company with her cousin Willie—and *not* in a first-class carriage, assuredly.

"For the future, my dear," said Madame Steindorf, as they paid for their tickets at the station, we will leave the first-class to 'Englishmen and madmen.'"

SEPTEMBER.

"Farewell the pomp of Flora! vivid scene!
Welcome sage *Autumn*, to invite the year—
Farewell to summer's eye-delighted green!
Her verdure fades,—autumnal blasts are near.
The silky wardrobe now is laid aside,
With all the rich regalia of her pride."

☞ FIGS.—It is said by a correspondent of the Prairie Farmer, that figs ripen every year in the southern part of that state, but they must be immediately kiln-dried, or canned, as they sour in less than twelve hours after being gathered.

☞ It is stated by manufacturers of artificial limbs that they make eight left legs for soldiers to two right, and about the same proportion of right arms to left ones, showing that about four times as many lose left legs as right, and four right arms to one left. This seems very singular, but an agent for the sale of artificial limbs affirms it to be the actual fact.

☞ LAST YEAR'S CROPS IN IOWA.—According to the official returns from twenty-four counties of this state, the average yield of wheat last year was not over six bushels per acre; sorgo syrup, 75 gallons; butter, 40 lbs, per cow.

☞ A traveller came down the river just as the steamer had left, and it was a grievous disappointment to him. While ruminating, a stranger inquired if he wanted to get a board. "Certainly," said he. "Then take one off that fence," was the reply.

☞ Writes an enthusiastic cavalier, after a glorious dash of a few hundred miles through the enemy's country in Mississippi: "Solomon in all his glory was never on a raid like one of these."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTR 12, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

OMISSION.—The poem of "The Dying Soldier," published last week, was by our old correspondent, "FRANK."

CURIOUS, IF TRUE.

Will some one of our scientific readers test the following to see if it be true, and, if it be, give us the explanation of it. It is certainly very curious, if the statement be correct:

Fill a common wine glass with water, so that it will be difficult to add more without overflowing, or, except with a steady hand, to raise it to your lips without spilling.

If asked how many pins could be dropped into this glass thus filled without causing the water to overflow, some perhaps would answer, half a dozen or a dozen, others might say possibly twenty or thirty; many would affirm the impossibility of putting in a single pin; none who had never seen the experiment tried would believe it possible that eight hundred or nine hundred pins could be placed in the glass without the overflowing of a drop of water. Yet such is the fact, as any one can satisfy himself by careful experiment. It is only necessary to drop the pins in, points downward, gently and cautiously, one, two or three at a time, and you can continue it till the glass is pretty closely packed with the pins, and they are piled half an inch or an inch above the surface.

I have frequently seen more than eight hundred pins of fully average size, and in one instance more than nine hundred, weighing three ounces, put in a common tapering sherry glass, which had been fairly filled with water, to the satisfaction of several persons present, who were previously skeptical as to the possibility of the performance.

It may be said that the water must, of course, rise above the edge of the glass to an extent exactly equal to the bulk of the pins; but this does not appear to be the case—the rise of the water being comparatively small. The fact that eight or nine hundred pins, weighing three ounces, and filling a wine-glass, can be submerged in a wine-glass full of water, without increasing the volume of the latter in a corresponding degree, is sufficiently curious and interesting to make it worthy of scientific investigation.—*Correspondent Post.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOSPITAL TRANSPORTS. A Memoir of the Embarkation of the Sick and Wounded from the Peninsula of Virginia in 1862. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

SHOULDER STRAPS. A Novel of New York and the Army, 1862. By HENRY MORFORD. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR AND LITERARY GAZETTE. The Publishers' Circular is a valuable publication. Its "Continental Correspondence," "Notes on Books and Booksellers," and lists of books published in the United States and Europe are very complete. Published by G. W. Childs, Philadelphia.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The September number is for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for September. Published by L. A. Godey, Philada.

☞ A little chivalry was manifest among the rebels at Charleston, in their treatment of those who died in their hospitals. Quite a number of small articles and money, belonging to deceased members of the New Hampshire regiment, were sent to the regiment under a flag of truce. This is one of the best indications that the Union will soon be itself again, as such acts on the part of the rebels undoubtedly betray that their reason is returning.

☞ COAL OIL.—To illustrate how one discovery or invention opens the way for others, we have seen it stated that the discovery of coal oil has given rise to more than a thousand inventions; over three hundred of which have been patented for lamps to burn it in.

☞ Fanny Kemble says in her recently published Journal, "I have always thought that the death I would prefer to all others, would be to break my neck off the back of a horse at a full gallop on a fine day."

☞ We do not die wholly at our death; we have mouldered away long before. Faculty after faculty, interest after interest, attachment after attachment disappear; we are torn from ourselves while living; year after year sees us no longer the same, and death only consigns the last fragments of what we were to the grave.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT.

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH, 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

BURIAL OF A CHRISTIAN HERO.

The funeral services of Corporal John F. Hall, son of Rev. Wm. S. Hall, of this city, took place last Thursday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, at the North Baptist church. Though the day was oppressingly hot the house was crowded. Dr. Brown offered the opening prayer; Dr. Kennard delivered the funeral discourse, followed by a sketch of the life and character of the deceased; Rev. J. H. Castle and Rev. P. S. Henson, added tributes to his memory; and Rev. J. Perry, of the Baptist Bethel, made the closing prayer.

The procession then moved out to Mikestown church, where, after impressive remarks, by Rev. Messrs. Lyon and Hall, and prayer by Dr. Brown, the coffin wrapped in the American flag, was deposited in the grave, amid the deep silent sympathy of hundreds, who had known and loved him. The soldier nobly dying for his country was not forgotten, but the funeral was not a military but a Christian one, as became his exemplary Christian character.

No. 1502 FRANKLIN STREET, PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 14th, 1863.

To the United States Sanitary Commission, Philadelphia Agency, No. 1307 Chestnut street, Philadelphia:

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES:—My head and my heart prompt me to return to you my humble, sincere, and hearty thanks for your kind attentions to myself and wife in our recent visits in the beginning and end of July to Gettysburg, where we went to see our wounded, and since dead, son.

We are particularly indebted to the kind attentions of R. M. Lewis, of Philadelphia, and the President of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad, to F. N. Knapp, agent of the Sanitary Commission of Baltimore, Dr. Douglas inspector of Sanitary Commission at Gettysburg, and to H. R. Dechert, of the U. S. Sanitary Commission at Gettysburg. Every attention was paid to us by these kind-hearted and philanthropic gentlemen. But above all this, I thank you for the attention paid to my son and his noble and heroic companions who lay suffering in the hospital at Gettysburg and vicinity. I had expected to find my son in a state of destitution and want, but you can judge of my agreeable surprise when I tell you that through your agency and that of others, I found him surrounded not only with the necessaries, the conveniences and comforts of life, but even with many of its luxuries. The noble Mrs. McCoy, of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, in the 1st division of the 3d army corps, I found quietly moving about like an angel of mercy, speaking a kind word here, words of comfort there; spreading sunshine, comfort and hope all around her.

The workings of the Sanitary Commission, I confess, commanded my respect, my esteem, and made me love its quiet unostentatious friends, for their work's sake. It reminded me of the sun that shines, not for itself, but for others; of the clouds which pour out the rain, not for themselves, but for the benefit of others; of the earth that yields its produce, not for itself, but for the sake of others. God bless the U. S. Sanitary Commission. Our soldiers bless it. Many a father's and mother's heart has been made glad by it.

A piece of bread and butter with jelly on it, a cool drink of lemonade or refreshing wine, a nice clean suit of underclothing for our sick, wounded and dying soldiers, is a gospel which they hail with gratitude and praise; then how cheeringly comes along the gospel of the Son of God—liberty for soul and body.

Be not weary in well-doing, be strong in your purposes to do good. Imitate the Master in his imitable perfections and you will find it one of the greatest of luxuries to do good.

Yours, in truth and love,

W. S. HALL,

Pastor of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

When the hour of victory cometh,
And the cannon sounds no more;
When the battle flags are folded
On the sea and on the shore;
When the flowers of Peace shall brighten
Every trampled battle plain;
With what rapture will we welcome
Our brave soldiers home again.

In the peaceful, evening twilight,
When our daily tasks are done,
We with starting tears will listen—
Hearing how the fight was won.
Tears of deep and heartfelt sorrow,
For the noble ones who died;
And for those who live in honor,
Sweeter tears of joy and pride.

From the crashing charge of squadrons,
From the plunging shot and shell,
God has saved them; and we knew not
That we loved them half so well.
Brightened by the light of gladness,
Home shall seem like home again,
When it holds our hearts' best treasures
Rescued from the battle-plain. B.

Mrs. Holstein, matron-in-chief of the General Hospital at Gettysburg, writes on the 15th:

"There are some very interesting cases here. One is a young man named Wesson, 20th Conn., who has lost both arms, has a wound on the temple, and a section one above the knee, all done by the explosion of a shell. Yet, strange to tell, he is walking about almost well. He is a young, married man, with several little children. Sometimes when I talk to him, he is very downcast as to the future, but I always tell him that his and similar cases government will provide for. Another is that of a man named White, struck on the head with a piece of shell, taking off the right ear, injuring his jaw, and distorting his face very much. He lay unconscious for many hours, and whilst in this state was carried to his grave. They arranged his blanket, and prepared for lowering him into the earth, when he raised his head, and called out, 'Boys, what are you going to do?' 'We came to bury you, White,' was the response. 'I don't see it, boys; give me a drink and carry me back. I can't be put into the ground with *that* raw recruit." So they carried him back, and to-day he is walking about very nearly well.

"The Sanitary Commission is the proper channel without a doubt, and as Chief Matron, and connected with the Commission, my orders are always honored, so that I can draw whatever we need."

We have said little of late as to what articles of clothing were needed, because we preferred that our contributors should improve the preserving and pickling season for the benefit of our soldiers. We trust they are laying in stores of pickles and catsups from the cucumbers, tomatoes, cabbages, and onions which have filled their gardens and markets. When they meet together to sew again, woolen garments will be in demand. May the coming winter prove an abundant one to our sanitary stores.

DONATIONS.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

2 kegs, Soldiers' Relief Association, Mill Creek and Tioga, Mrs. B. M. Guernsey.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Clifford, Susquehanna co.
2 boxes, Ladies' Aid, Milton, M. S. Lawson.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Reading, Mrs. Nicolls
1 barrel, No. 30, Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Miss E. C. Blackman.
1 box, Soldiers' Relief Association, Chester, Miss Elizabeth Cochran.
1 box, Aid Society, Northumberland, Mrs. A. P. Taggart.
1 keg, Northumberland, Mrs. A. E. Kapp.
1 keg, Women's Contributing Aid, Moyamensing, Miss E. H. Haven.
1 box, ladies of Berwick, per Miss Messinger.
1 keg, unknown.
2 boxes, 27, 28, Ladies' Aid, Tamaqua, R. R. McCabe.
1 barrel, 1 box, ladies of Presbyterian Church, per Miss Margaret C. Barr, Waynesburg.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Mifflintown, Patterson and vicinity, Mary W. Abraham, Sec'y.
1 pkg., 200 copies "Saturday Evening Post," Messrs. Deacon & Peterson.
1 box, unknown.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Burlington, N. J., Mrs. F. Woolman.
1 pkg., School Lane Circle, per Mrs. Warner Johnson.
1 pkg., a lady friend.
1 box, A. A. C. and friend, Danville.
1 box, Muncy.
2 pkgs., St. Luke's Auxiliary Society, Mrs. James.
1 box, Aid Society, Wellsboro', Miss E. L. Moore.
1 box, unknown.
2 kegs, unknown.
1 box, Ladies Aid Society, Orwigsburg, Schuylkill county, Geo. W. Lewis, Jr.
1 box fans, Elk Lake Sunday-School Children.
1 pkg., Mr. Ohle and ladies of St. Martin's Church, Marcus Hook, Del. county.

☞ A man near Cleveland, Ohio, applied for exemption from the draft because an old mother needed his cherishing care. To show how much feeling this affectionate son has for his old mother, the neighbors say he has had her coffin in the house for over two years. He came to town with a load of wood one day, and being unable to sell it, he contrived to trade it off with an undertaker for a coffin, his mother being old, might die suddenly, and then, as Mrs. Toodles says, "how handy it would be to have in the house." Being of a frugal as well as an ingenious turn of mind, he put the coffin in the cellar to keep turnips, against such time as the old lady might drop off.

☞ One of the most curious instances of eccentricity occurred in England so lately as 1838, in which a will, wherein the testator had left his money, away from his relatives, to his housekeeper, was disputed on the ground of intrinsic evidence of insanity in the document itself. Therein the testator had directed his executors "that they should cause some part of his bowels to be converted into fiddle-strings; that others should be sublimed into smelling salts; and that the remainder of his body should be vitrified into lenses for optical purposes." Sir H. Jener, however, held that insanity was not proved, although the deceased had certainly exhibited a most uncommon desire of making himself generally useful.

☞ During a divorce suit in London the wife testified that upon one occasion her husband put his hand on her hand in the presence of her mother, and cursed her. He said:—"May you suffer such agonies, both of body and mind, on your death-bed, that no one may stay with you, and that there may be no one to close your dead orbs." Her mother said it was dreadful, and that they had better separate. The court took a similar view, and relieved the woman of the brute's name.

☞ Cheerfulness arises half from personal goodness, half from a belief in the personal goodness of others.

THE RISING TIDE.

On the coast of Normandy in France the tide rises and falls forty feet with wonderful rapidity. The following account in from a recent work called *Life in Normandy*:

Cross and Hope, two English tourists, were poking about the rocks of Granville at low tide, as their custom was, upon an afternoon, in search of something new and strange. Hope had just picked up some hideous marine curiosity, when Cross suddenly gave a loud shout.

"The Lord have mercy upon us! I forgot the tide, and here it comes!"

Hope turned towards the sea, and saw a stream of water running at a rapid pace, and covering the sandy creek where the cole had been found. Not aware of the danger, he said quite quietly:

"Faith, so it does; I suppose we had better be off."

"If we can," said Cross, "by crossing the rock, we may yet be in time."

He looked rather pale as he spoke, and Hope, seeing his alarm, hastened to follow him; for the moment Cross ceased speaking, he scrambled up the rocks, and began walking as rapidly as he could across them towards the nearest shore; but the pace was necessarily slow, for the roughness in some parts, and the slipperiness in others, obliged them to pick their steps; the numberless crevices, which had been a source of amusement an hour before, now served still further to retard their progress, for they were forced to make many a detour to get past them. At last, they reached the highest point, and could see before them.

"Thank God!" said Cross, "the sand is not yet covered; but we must run for it."

The sand was in fact still visible, but small lines of blue water could be seen marking and breaking the surface. They hastened on, Hope looking at these lines, which seemed rapidly to increase in breadth; but he was soon obliged to keep his eyes on the ground, for, in looking up, he had placed his foot on a bunch of weeds, slipped, fell, and got a severe shake, besides cutting his hands.

In three minutes more, however, they were at the edge of the sand; but when they reached it, they saw that the sand was now in stripes, the water in sheets.

"We shall do yet," said Cross, "for thank God, here is a girl before us." He began to run rapidly, and Hope followed.

They proceeded thus for about two hundred yards, when they saw a little girl (the same from whom Hope had bought some crabs) coming hastily towards them. She reached them before they had advanced many more paces, and as she ran she called out something which they could not at first understand, for she was so much out of breath.

When she was close to them, they could distinguish that she said:

"The wave! the wave! it is coming; turn, turn, and run, or we are lost!"

They did turn, and they saw, far out to sea, a large wave rolling towards the shore. Blown as they were, they yet increased their speed, as they retraced their steps towards the rocks they had just left.

The little girl passed them, and led the way; the two friends strained every nerve to keep pace with her, for, as they neared the rock, the wave still rolled towards them; the sand became gradually covered, and the last ten steps were up to their knees in water, but they were on the rock.

"Quick! quick!" said the girl "there is the passage to cross, and if the second wave comes, we shall be too late."

She ran on for a hundred yards till she came to a crack in the rock, six or seven feet wide, along which the water was rushing like a mill-sluice.

"We are lost," said the girl; "I cannot cross; it will carry me away."

"Is it deep?" asked Cross.

"Not very," she said; "but it is too strong."

Cross lifted the girl in his arms; he was a strong, big man; he plunged into the stream, which was up to his waist. With a few strides he was across, and set the girl down; he then held on by the rock, and stretched out his hand to Hope, who following like an experienced wader, taking very short steps, and with his legs well stretched out, to prevent being swept away by the force of the water; Hope grasped the hand thus held out to him, and in another second the two friends were standing by the girl.

"That is tremendous," said Hope; "if I had not seen it, I never would have believed it."

"It is, indeed," said Cross; "and in winter, or in blowing weather, the tide-wave comes in with far greater force than this we have just seen."

"Come on, come on," cried the girl. "Holy Virgin! we were nearly lost."

The little girl again led the way to the high point of lighter-colored rock which Hope had remarked in the morning. When they had reached it, she said: "We are safe now;" and she pulled from her breast a string of beads with a crucifix, and began to tell the beads. The two friends looked on in silence; perhaps they, too, were returning thanks to Heaven, although they held no beads in their hands.

After a few minutes thus spent, the girl looked up and smiled to Cross. "Thank you," said she, "for lifting me over; I could not have crossed by myself; and," she continued, the second wave has come, and it is all water now."

The friends looked; all around them was the wide sea; they were on an island which each moment became less; and this island was three-quarters of a mile from the shore.

"I am afraid, sir, you will be cold," said the little girl. "We are quite safe here, for this point is always above water except in a storm; but we shall have to remain here for three or four hours before we can go to the shore.

"Cold or hot," said Cross, "we may be thankful we are here. But what made you forget the tide, for you must know the coast so well."

"I did not forget it," she said, "but I feared you would be drowned, as you are strangers; and I thought I should be in time to tell you; but I was too late, and the wave came."

"And did you risk your life to save us?" said Hope, the tears starting into his eyes.

"I thought, at any rate, I should get home," she replied. "As you are strangers, you would not know that it is always dry here, and on the strand you would be lost; so I came to help you, for the gentleman was kind, and gave me a gold piece for my crabs; so I hoped I should be in time to warn you; but I was very nearly too late."

THE KING.

When in the fortress-rock 'bode Israel's king
High o'er Rephaim, and Philistia lay
Camped in the valley, waiting for the prey,
He, sore athirst, cried: "Oh that one would bring
Water from Bethlehem!" A little thing
His three great captains deemed it, as away,
Their keen, bright swords girt ready for the fray,
They hasted, to assuage his suffering.
But when, from off their perilous road returned,
Their garments soiled, their bright swords dashed with red,
Bearing the prize, before the king they stood.
He put it from him, though his whole soul yearned
To slake the fever of his veins, and said:
"I will not drink; it is the price of blood."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIR," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

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P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

LATEST NEWS.

The Washington Chronicle says that Gen. Grant has left Vicksburg for a short visit to his family, whom he has not seen for two years. He is in fine health, and is in the best of spirits. The siege is regarded as virtually ended, and favorably.

Rebel deserters coming into our lines report that many of the rebel troops are deserting, and are determined to desert at the first opportunity. The shelling of Sumter continues.

Gen. Rosecrans has left Chattanooga, and is now with his army, which is reported to be concentrating at Lafayette, Ga., 26 miles south of Chattanooga. Gen. Thomas is in command at Chattanooga. Gen. Rosecrans' army is said to be in a position to meet the enemy in any direction. The further advance of our forces depends on the movements of the enemy. It is only a handful of men in front of Chattanooga, and they are falling back as our forces advance. Gen. Rosecrans is said to be in good health and spirits.

A dispatch from Cincinnati says that several rebel officers, who were captured in Gen. Morgan's command, have been released from Johnson's Island, and are now in that city. Among the number is Col. Basil Duke, brother-in-law of Gen. Morgan. They report that Morgan's command is completely demoralized, and that the men are deserting in large numbers. Morgan is said to be in Richmond, Va., and is not in command of his troops.

The steamer Florida, which left Liverpool for Nassau on the 1st inst., arrived, with Liverpool dates to the 22d inst. A report has been circulated that a rebel man-of-war is being equipped at Liverpool, and will be ready to sail on the 25th inst. The report is denied by the authorities.

The steamer Florida passed down the English Channel on the 2nd of August. Rudell is reported to have had a long interview with the French Minister of War, on the 20th and 21st ult. It is regarded as certain that the Archduke Maximilian will accept the Mexican throne, and that the new government will be started by a European loan.

"BLUE" WHITE LETTER PAPER.

The process of bluing the paper pulp had its origin in a singularly accidental circumstance, which not merely as an historical fact, but as forming an amusing anecdote, is, perhaps, worth mentioning. It occurred about the year 1790, at a paper mill belonging to Mr. Buttonshaw, whose wife, on the occasion in question, was superintending the washing of some linen, when accidentally she dropped her bag of powdered blue into the midst of some pulp in a forward state of preparation, and so great was the fear she entertained of the mischief she had done, seeing the blue rapidly amalgamated with the pulp, that allusion to it was studiously avoided; until, on Mr. Buttonshaw's inquiring in great astonishment what it was that had imparted the peculiar color to the pulp, his wife, perceiving that no great damage had been done, took courage and at once disclosed the secret, for which she was afterwards rewarded in a remarkable manner by her husband, who, being naturally pleased with an advance of so much as four shillings per bundle, upon submitting the "improved" make to the London market, immediately purchased a costly scarlet cloak (somewhat more congenial to taste in those days, it is presumed, than it would be now,) with much satisfaction to the sharer of his joys.—*Herring's Paper and Paper Making.*

☞ A GOOD JOKE.—Queen Victoria's letter forbidding the ladies of England to wear crinoline was copied into many papers as genuine, but it turns out to be a hoax of Punch's, who does not scruple to laugh at royalty and feminine fashions sometimes.

☞ Many men, when they rise for a moment in thought or action above themselves, imagine they have risen above all other men.

☞ When is a man least likely to pursue a strait course? When he forsakes the line of duty to follow the bent of his own fancy.

☞ The table which was "set in a roar" has been presented as an ornament to the lion's cage of the Regent's Park Gardens.

☞ What valor in a bald headed person to talk boldly of "not yielding a hair."

☞ LABOR LOST.—An organ-grinder playing at the door of a deaf and dumb asylum.

☞ Two ragged little urchins, whose parents paid more attention to the bottle than to the training of the children, were in the habit of seriously annoying their neighbors who lived close by with their noise while at play in front of their house. One day the lady of the house came to the door and told them to be quiet or go home immediately. Said one of the children to the other, "Jist hear she a orderin' we, when us don't belong to she!"

☞ We have politics and trade, and the daily dust of life rising with the morning mist and settling with the dew; but over all things, serene and silent and starry, rises the heaven of a nation's soul—its literature.

☞ The three most difficult things are—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

☞ It is not true, as a general thing, that a wounded man groans loudly, or utters any cries upon the battle-field; he either limps off or is carried to the rear, or he lies down with his hurt quiet and still.—*Capt. Noyes.*

☞ It is right to make an example of men whom it would be wrong to take as an example.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day, a laughing child, with hair one golden,
And tones of summer morning in his eyes,
And glances aglow with kisses of new loving,
Sees old things new, with ignorant surprise;
To-morrow, and he knows the songs they sing in Passion.

To-day, a youth, in pride of early manhood,
With light of hope upon his brow,
With eager ambition of the coming,
And mild impatience of the loitering now;
To-morrow he hath touched the throne at which all aspire bow.

To-day, the maiden bathes the bridal shine;
All joy and promise round about her shine;
All truth is in the heart of him she lovith,
And his pure faith makes bright the flower-wreathed shrine;
To-morrow, hark! a new bridegroom, sudden, must be thine.

To-day, an old man lingers in his sadness;
Great griefs have digged deep furrows in his cheeks;
A cold grave with the long-ago departed,
In mourning words, is all the boon he seeks:
To-morrow, with unfaltering lips, the joy of heaven he speaks.

—*Christian Inquirer.*

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XLV.

AT SEA.

The will was gone. Eleanor tried to think how or where she could have lost it. It might have dropped from her pocket, perhaps. That was the only solution of the mystery that presented itself to her mind. The open pocket of her dress might have been caught by one of the laurel boughs as she crouched upon the ground, and when she rose the paper had dropped out. There was no other way in which she *could* have lost it. She had been so absorbed in the watch she had kept on Launcelot Darrell, as to forget the value of the document which she had thrust carelessly into her pocket. Her father's letter and Launcelot Darrell's sketch were still safe in the bosom of her dress; but the will, the genuine will, in place of which the young man had introduced some fabrication of his own, was gone.

"Let me see this will, Eleanor," Gilbert Monckton said, advancing to his wife. Although she had been the most skillful actress, the most accomplished deceiver among all womankind, her conduct to-night could not be all acting, it could not be all deception. She did not love him; she had confessed that, very plainly. She did not love him; and she had only married him in order to serve a purpose of her own. But then, on the other hand, if her passionate words were to be believed in, she did not love Launcelot Darrell. There was some comfort in that. "Let me see the will, Eleanor," he repeated, as his wife stared at him blankly, in the first shock of her discovery.

"I can't find it," she said hopelessly. "It's gone; it's lost. Oh, for pity's sake, go out into the garden and look for it. I must have dropped it among the evergreens outside Mr. de Crespigny's rooms. Pray go and look for it."

"I will," the lawyer said, taking up his hat and walking towards the door of the room.

But Miss Lavinia de Crespigny stopped him.

"No, Mr. Monckton," she said; "pray don't go out into the night air. Parker is the proper person to look for this document."

She rang the bell, which was answered by the old butler.

"Has Brooks come back from Windsor?" she asked.

"No, Miss, not yet."

"A paper has been dropped in the garden, Parker, somewhere among the evergreens, outside my uncle's rooms. Will you take a lantern, and go and look for it?"

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Miss Sarah, "Brooks has been a very long time going from here to Windsor and back again. I wish Mr. Lawford's clerk were come. The place would be taken care of then, and we should have no further anxiety."

The lady looked suspiciously from her nephew to Eleanor, and from Eleanor to Gilbert Monckton. She did not know whom to trust, or whom most to fear. Launcelot Darrell sat before her, biting savagely at his nails, and with his head bent upon his breast. Eleanor had sunk into the chair nearest her, utterly dumbfounded by the loss of the will.

"You need not fear that we shall long intrude upon you, Miss de Crespigny," Gilbert Monckton said. "My wife has made an accusation against a person in this room. It is only right, in your interest, and for the justification of her truth and honor, that this business should be investigated—and immediately."

"The will must be found," Eleanor cried; "it must have fallen from my pocket in the shrubbery."

Launcelot Darrell said nothing. He waited the issue of the search that was being made. If the will was found, he was prepared to repudiate it; for there was no other course left to him. He hated this woman, who had suddenly arisen before him as an enemy and denouncer, who had recalled to him the bitter memory of his first great dishonor, and who had detected him in the commission of his first crime. He hated Eleanor, and was ready to accuse her to his own safety.

He lifted his head, presently, and looked about him with a scornful laugh.

"Is this a farce, or a conspiracy, Mrs. Monckton?" he asked. "Do you expect to invalidate my great-uncle's genuine will—wherever that will may happen to be found—by the production of some document dropped by you in the garden, and which has, very likely, never been inside this house, much less in my uncle's possession. You surely don't expect any one to believe your pretty, romantic story, of a suicide in Paris, and a midnight scene at Woodlands? It would be an excellent paragraph for a penny-a-liner, but, really, for any other purpose—"

"Take care, Mr. Darrell," Gilbert Monckton said, quietly; "you will gain nothing by insolence. If I do not resent your impertinence to my wife, it is because I begin to believe that you are so despicable a scoundrel as to be unworthy of an honest man's anger. You had much better hold your tongue."

There was no particular eloquence in these last few words, but there was something in the lawyer's tone that effectually silenced Launcelot Darrell. Mr. Monckton's case lay upon a chair by the fireplace, and while speaking he had set down his hat, and taken up the case; unconsciously, perhaps; but the movement had not escaped the guilty man's furtive glance. He kept silence; and with his face darkened by a gloomy scowl, still sat biting his nails. The will would be found. The genuine document would be compared with the fabrication he had placed among his great uncle's papers, and perpetual shame, punishment, and misery would be his lot. What he suffered to-night, sitting among these people, not one of whom he could count as a friend, was only a foretaste of what he would have to suffer by-and-by in a criminal dock.

For some time there was silence in the room. The two sisters, anxious and perplexed, looked almost despairingly at each other, fearful that at the end of all this business they would be the sufferers; chested, in their helplessness, either by George Vane's daughter or by Launcelot Darrell. Eleanor, exhausted by her own excitement, sat with her eyes fixed upon the door, waiting for the coming of the old butler.

More than a quarter of an hour passed in this way. Then the door opened, and Mr. Parker made his appearance.

"You have found it!" cried Eleanor, starting to her feet.

"No, ma'am. No, Miss Lavinia," added the butler. "I have searched every inch of the garding, and there is nothink in the shape of a paper to be found. The housemaid was with me, and she searched likewise."

"It *must* be in the garden," exclaimed Eleanor, "it must be there—unless it has been blown away."

"There's not wind enough for that, ma'am. The shrubberies are high, and it would take a deal of wind to blow a paper across the tops of the trees."

"And you've searched the ground under the trees?" asked Mr. Monckton.

"Yes, sir. We've searched everywhere; me and the 'ousemaid."

"Why, I thought as much," he cried; "the whole story is a farce. I beg your pardon, Mr. Monckton, for calling it a conspiracy. It is merely a slight hallucination of your wife's; and I dare say she is as much George Vane's daughter as I am the fabricator of a forged will."

Mr. Darrell's triumph had made him foolhardy. In the next moment Gilbert Monckton's hand was on the collar of his coat, and the cane uplifted above his shoulders.

"Oh, my goodness me!" shrieked Sarah de Crespigny, with a dismal wail, "there'll be murder done presently. Oh, this is too dreadful; in the dead of the night, too."

But before any harm could happen to Launcelot Darrell, Eleanor clung about her husband's upraised arm.

"What you said just now was the truth, Gilbert," she cried, "he is not worthy of it; he is not, indeed. He is beneath an honest man's anger. Let him alone; for my sake let him alone. Retribution must come upon him sooner or later. I thought it had come to-night, but there has been witchcraft in all this business. I *can't* understand it."

"Stay, Eleanor," said Gilbert Monckton, putting down his cane, and turning away from Launcelot Darrell as he might have turned from a mongrel cur that he had been dissuaded from punishing; "this last will—what was the wording of it—to whom did it leave the fortune?"

Launcelot Darrell looked up, eagerly, breathlessly, waiting for Eleanor's answer.

"I don't know," she said.

"What, have you forgotten?"

"No, I never knew anything about the contents of the will. I had no opportunity of looking at it. I took it from the chair on which Launcelot Darrell threw it, and put it in my pocket. From that moment to this I have never seen it."

"How do you know, then, that it was a will?" asked Gilbert Monckton.

"Because I heard Launcelot Darrell and his companion speak of it as the genuine will."

The young man seemed infinitely relieved by the knowledge of Eleanor's ignorance.

"Come, Mr. Monckton," he said, with an air of injured innocence, "you have been very anxious to investigate the grounds of your wife's accusation, and have been very ready to believe in a most absurd story. You have even gone so far as to wish to execute summary vengeance upon me with a walking-stick. I think it's my turn now to ask a few questions."

"You can ask as many as you please," answered the lawyer.

His mind was bewildered by what had happened. Eleanor's earnestness, which had seemed so real, had all ended in nothing. How if it was all acting; how if some darker mystery lurked beneath all this tumult of accusation and denial? The canker of suspicion, engendered by one woman's treachery, had taken deep root in Gilbert Monckton's breast. He had lost one of the purest and highest gifts of a noble nature; the power to trust.

"Very well, then," said Launcelot Darrell, turning to Eleanor; "perhaps you will tell me how I contrived to open this cabinet, out of which you say I stole one document, and into which you declare I introduced another."

"You took the keys from Mr. de Crespigny's room."

"Indeed! But is there no one keeping watch in that room?"

"Yes," cried Miss Sarah, "Jepcott is there. Jepcott has been there ever since my beloved uncle expired. Nothing has been disturbed, and Jepcott has had the care of the room. We could trust Jepcott with untold gold."

"Yes," said Miss Lavinia, "with untold gold."

"But she was asleep!" cried Eleanor, "the woman was asleep when that man went into the room."

"Asleep!" exclaimed Miss Sarah; "oh, surely not. Surely Jepcott would not deceive us; I can't think that of her. The very last words I said to her were, 'Jepcott, do you feel at all sleepy? If you feel in the least degree sleepy, have the housemaid to sit with you—make assurance doubly sure, and have the housemaid!' 'No, Miss,' Jepcott said, 'I never felt more wakeful in my life, and as to the girl, she's a poor, frightened silly, and I don't think you could induce her to go into master's room, though you were to offer her a five-pound note for doing it.' And if Jepcott went to sleep after this, knowing that everything was left about just as it was when my uncle died, it was really too bad of her."

"Send for Mrs. Jepcott," said Launcelot Darrell; "let us hear what she has to say about this very probable story of my stealing my great uncle's keys."

Miss Lavinia de Crespigny rang the bell, which was answered by Mr. Parker, who, though usually slow to respond to any summons, was wonderfully prompt in his attendance this evening.

"Tell Mrs. Jepcott to come here," said Miss Lavinia, "I want to speak to her."

The butler departed upon this errand, and again there was a silent pause, which seemed a very long one, but which only extended over five minutes. At the end of that time Mrs. Jepcott appeared. She was a respectable-looking woman, prim, and rather grim in appearance. She had been in the dead man's service for five-and-thirty years, and was about fifteen years older than the Misses de Crespigny, whom she always spoke of as "the young ladies."

"Jepcott," said Miss Sarah, "I want to know whether anybody whatever, except yourself, has entered Mr. de Crespigny's room, since you have been placed in charge of it?"

"Oh, dear, no, miss," answered the housekeeper, promptly, "certainly not."

"Are you sure of that, Jepcott?"

"Quite sure, miss, as sure as I am that I am standing here this moment."

"You speak very confidently, Jepcott, but this is really a most serious business. I am told that you have been asleep."

"Asleep, Miss de Crespigny! Oh, dear, who *could* say anything of the kind? Who could be so wicked as to tell such a story?"

"You are certain that you have not been asleep?"

"Yes, miss, quite certain. I closed my eye sometimes, for my sight is weak, as you know, miss, and the light dazzled me, and made my eyes ache. I close my eyes generally when I sit down of an evening, for my sight doesn't allow me to do needlework by candlelight, neither to read a newspaper; and I may have closed my eyes to-night, but I didn't go to *sleep*, miss, oh, dear, no; I was too nervous and anxious for that, a great deal; besides, I am not a good sleeper at any time, and so I should have heard if a mouse had stirred in the room."

"You didn't hear me come into the room, did you, Mrs. Jepcott?" asked Launcelot Darrell.

"*You*, Mr. Darrell? Oh, dear, no; neither you nor anybody else, sir."

"And you don't think that I could have come into the room without your knowing it? You don't think I could have come in while you were asleep?"

"But I wasn't asleep, Mr. Darrell; and as for you or anybody comin' in without my hearin' 'em—why, I heard every leaf that stirred outside the windows."

"I fear that at least this part of your charge must drop to the ground, Mrs. Monckton," Launcelot Darrell said, scornfully.

"Jepcott," said Miss Lavinia de Crespigny, "go back and see if my uncle's keys are safe."

"Yes, do, Mrs. Jepcott," explained Launcelot Darrell; "and be sure you take notice whether they have been disturbed since your master died."

The housekeeper left the room, and returned after about three minutes' absence.

"The keys are quite safe, Miss Lavinia," she said.

"And they have not been disturbed?" asked Launcelot.

"No, Mr. Darrell, they haven't been moved a quarter of an inch. They're lyin' just where they lay when my poor master died, half hid under a pocket-handkerchief."

Launcelot Darrell drew a long breath. How wonderfully these foolish women had played into his hands, and helped him to escape.

"That will do, Jepcott," said Miss Sarah, "you may go now. Remember that you are responsible for everything in my uncle's room until the arrival of Mr. Lawford's clerk. It would have been a very bad business for you if Mr. de Crespigny's keys had been tampered with."

Mrs. Jepcott looked rather alarmed at this remark, and retired without delay. Suppose she had been asleep, after all, for five minutes or so, and some mischief had arisen out of it, what might not her punishment be. She had a very vague idea of the power of the law, and did not know what penalties she might have incurred by five minutes' unconscious doze. This honest woman had been in the habit of spending the evening in a series of intermittent naps for the last ten years, and had no idea that while closing her eyes to shade them from the glare of the light, she often slumbered soundly for an hour at a stretch.

"Well, Mrs. Monckton," Launcelot Darrell said, when the housekeeper had left the room, "I suppose now you are convinced that all this mid-winter night's dream is a mere hallucination of your own?"

Eleanor looked at him with a contemptuous smile, whose open scorn was not the least painful torture he had been obliged to bear that night.

"Do not speak to me," she said; "remember who I am; and let that memory keep you silent."

The door-bell rang loudly as Eleanor finished speaking.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Miss de Crespigny, "Mr. Lawford's clerk has come at last. He will take charge of everything, and *if* anybody has tampered with my uncle's papers," she added, looking first at Launcelot and then at Eleanor, "I have no doubt that he will find out all about it. We are poor unprotected women, but I dare say we shall find those who will be able to defend our rights."

"I don't think we have any occasion to stop here," said Mr. Monckton; "are you ready to come home, Eleanor?"

"Quite ready," his wife answered.

"You have nothing more to say?"

"Nothing."

"Put on your cloak, then, and come. Good-night, Miss de Crespigny. Good-night, Miss Lavinia."

Mr. Lamb, the Windsor solicitor's clerk, came in while Gilbert Monckton and his wife were leaving the room. He was the same old man whom Richard Thornton had seen at Windsor. Eleanor perceived that this man was surprised to see Launcelot Darrell. He started, and looked at the artist with a half-frightened, half-inquiring glance; but the young man did not return the look.

CHAPTER XLVI.

LAURA'S TROUBLES.

Gilbert Monckton offered Eleanor his arm as they went out of the hall and down the steps before the front entrance.

"I would have got a conveyance for you if it had been possible, Eleanor," he said; "but of course at this time of night that is utterly out of the question. Do you think that you can manage the walk home?"

"Oh, yes; very well indeed."

She sighed as she spoke. She felt completely baffled by what had occurred, terribly prostrated by the defeat which had befallen her. There was no hope, then. This base and treacherous man was always to triumph: however wicked, however criminal.

"Is it very late?" she asked presently.

"Yes, very late—past one o'clock."

The husband and wife walked homewards in silence. The road seemed even drearier than before to Eleanor, though this time she had a companion in her dismal journey. But this time despair was gnawing at her breast; she had been supported before by excitement, buoyed up by hope.

They reached Tolldale at last. The butler admitted them. He had sent all the other servants to bed, and had sat up himself to receive his master. Even upon this night of bewilderment Gilbert Monckton endeavored to keep up appearances.

"We have been to Woodlands," he said to the old servant. "Mr. de Crespigny is dead."

He had no doubt that his own and his wife's absence had given rise to wonderment in the quiet household, and he thought by this means to set all curiosity at rest. But the drawing-room door opened while he was speaking, and Laura rushed into the hall.

"Oh, my goodness gracious," she exclaimed, "here you are at last. What I have suffered this evening! Oh! what agonies I have suffered this evening, wondering what had happened, and thinking of all sorts of horrid things."

"But, my dear Laura, why didn't you go to bed?" asked Mr. Monckton.

"*Go to bed!*" screamed the young lady. "Go to bed with my poor brain bursting with suspense. I'm sure if people's brains *do* burst, it's a wonder mine hasn't to-night, and I thought ever so many times it was going to do it. First Eleanor goes out without leaving word where *she's* gone; and then you go out without leaving word where *you're* gone; and then you both stay away for hours, and hours, and hours. And there I sit all the time watching the clock, with nobody but the Skye to keep my company, until I get so nervous, that I daren't look behind me, and I almost begin to feel as if the Skye was a demon dog! And, oh, do tell me what in goodness' name has happened."

"Come into the drawing-room, Laura; and pray don't talk so fast. I will tell you presently."

Mr. Monckton walked into the drawing-room followed by Laura and his wife. He closed the door carefully, and then sat himself down by the fire.

"I've had coals put on five times," exclaimed Miss Mason, "but all the coals in the world wouldn't keep me from shivering and feeling as if somebody was coming in through the door and looking over my shoulder. If it hadn't been for the Skye I should have gone mad. What *has* happened?"

"Something has happened at Woodlands—" Mr. Monckton began gravely, but Laura interrupted him with a little shriek.

"Oh, don't," she cried, "don't, please; I'd rather you didn't. I know what you're going to say. You must come and sleep with me to-night, Eleanor, if you don't want to find me raving mad in the morning. No wonder I felt as if the room was peopled with ghosts."

"Don't be foolish, Laura," Mr. Monckton said, impatiently. "You asked me what has happened, and I tell you. To speak plain, Mr. de Crespigny is dead."

"Yes, I guessed that, of course, directly you began to speak in that solemn way. It's very dreadful—not that he should be dead, you know, because I scarcely ever saw him, and when I did see him, he always seemed to be deaf or grumpy—but it seems dreadful that people should die at all, and I always fancy they'll come walking into the room at night when I'm taking my hair down before the glass, and look over my shoulder, as they do in German stories."

"Laura!"

"Oh, please don't look contemptuously at me," cried Miss Mason, piteously; "of course, if you have't got nerves it's very easy to despise these things; and I wish *I'd* been born a man or a lawyer, or something of that sort, so that I might never be nervous. Not that I believe in ghosts, you know; I'm not so childish as that. I don't believe in them, and I'm not afraid of them, *but I don't like them!*"

Mr. Monckton's contemptuous expression changed to a look of pity. This was the foolish girl whom he had been about to entrust to the man he now knew to be a villain. He *now* knew:—bah, he had paltered with his own conscience. He had known it from the first: and this poor child loved Launcelot Darrell. Her hopes, like his own, were shipwrecked; and even in the egotism of his misery the strong man felt some compassion for this helpless girl.

"So, Mr. de Crespigny is dead," Laura said after a pause; "does Launcelot know it yet?"

"He does."

"Was he there to-night—up at Woodlands, in spite of his nasty old aunts?"

"Yes, he was there."

Eleanor looked anxiously, almost piteously at Laura. The great disappointment, the death-blow of every hope, was coming down upon her, and Eleanor, who could see the hand uplifted to strike, and the cruel knife bared ready to inflict the fatal stab, shivered as she thought of the misery the thoughtless girl must have to suffer.

"But what can her misery be against my father's," she thought, "and how am *I* accountable for her sorrow. It is all Launcelot Darrell's work, it is his wicked work from first to last."

"And do you think he will have the fortune?" Laura asked.

"I don't know, my dear," her guardian answered gravely, "but I think it matters very little either to you or me whether he may get the fortune or not."

"What do you mean?" cried the girl, "how strangely you speak; how cruelly and coldly you speak of Launcelot, just as if you didn't love him with all your heart and soul. Oh, good heavens," she shrieked, suddenly growing wild with terror, "why do you both look at me like that? Why do you look so anxious? I know that something dreadful has happened; something has happened to Launcelot! He is not Mr. de Crespigny, he Launcelot that's dead!"

"No, no, Laura, he is not dead. It would be better perhaps if he were. He is not a good man, Laura, and he can never be your husband."

"Oh, I don't care a bit about his not being good, as long as he isn't dead," retorted Laura. "I never said he was good, and never wanted him to be good. I'm not good; for I don't like going to church three times every Sunday. The idea of your wishing my poor dear Launcelot mustn't indge me because he isn't good. I like him to be a little wicked, like the Giaour, or Manfred—though goodness gracious only knows what *he'd* done that he should go on as he did—I never asked him to be good. Goodness wouldn't go well with his style of looks. It's fair people, with wishy-washy blue eyes and straight hair, and no eyebrows or eyelashes in particular, that are generally good. I hate *good* people, and if you don't let me marry Launcelot Darrell now, I shall marry him when I'm of age, and that'll be in three years' time."

Miss Mason said all this with great vehemence and indignation, and then walked towards the door of the room; but Eleanor stopped her, and caught the slender little figure in her arms.

"Ah! Laura, Laura," she cried, "you must listen to us, you must hear us, my poor darling. I know it seems very cruel to speak against the man you love, but it would be fifty times more cruel to let you marry him, and leave you to discover afterwards, when your life was linked to his and never, never could be a happy life apart if parted from him, that he was unworthy of your love. It is terrible to be told this now, Laura, it would be a thousand times more terrible to hear it then. Come with me to your room, Laura, I will stay with you all to-night. I will tell you all I know about Launcelot Darrell. I ought to have told you before, perhaps, but I waited; I waited for what I begin to think will never come."

"I won't believe anything against him," cried Laura, passionately, disengaging herself from Eleanor's embrace; "I won't listen to you. I won't hear a word. *I* know why you don't want me to marry him: you were in love with him yourself, you know you were, and you're jealous of me, and you want to prevent my being happy with him."

Of all the unlucky speeches that could have been made in the presence of Gilbert Monckton, this was perhaps the most unlucky. He started as if he had been stung, and rising from his seat near the fire, took a lighted candle from a side table, and walked to the door.

"I really can't endure all this," he said. "Eleanor, I'll leave you with Laura. Say what you have to say about Launcelot Darrell, and for pity's sake let me never hear his name again. Good-night."

The two girls were left alone together. Laura had thrown herself upon a sofa, and was sobbing violently. Eleanor stood a few paces from her, looking at her with the same tender and compassionate expression with which she had regarded her from the first.

"When I see your troubles, Laura," she said, "I almost forget my own. My poor, dear child, God knows how truly I pity you."

"But I don't want your pity," cried Laura. "I shall hate you if you say anything against Launcelot. Why should anybody pity me? I am engaged to the man I love, the only man I ever loved,—you know that, Eleanor; you know how I fell in love with him directly he came to Hazlewood,—and I will marry him in spite of all the world. I shall be of age in three years, and then no horrid guardians can prevent my doing what I like!"

"But you would not marry him, Laura, if you knew him to be a bad man?"

"I would never believe that he is a bad man!"

"But, my darling, you will listen to me. I must tell you the truth. I have kept it from you too long. I have been very guilty in keeping it from you. I ought to have told you when I first came back to Tolldale."

"*What* ought you to have told me?"

"The story of my life, Laura. But I thought you would come between me and the victory I wanted to achieve."

"What victory?"

"A victory over the man who caused my father's death."

Then, little by little, interrupted by a hundred exclamations and protestations from the sobbing girl whose head lay on her shoulder, and whose waist was encircled by her arm, Eleanor Monckton told the story of her return to Paris, the meeting on the Boulevard, and George Vane's suicide. Little by little she contrived to explain to the wretched girl, who clung about her, and who declared again and again that she would not believe anything against Launcelot, that she could not think him cruel or treacherous,—how the artist and his vile associate, Victor Bourdon, had cheated the old man out of the money which represented his own honor and the future welfare of his child.

"You father no hard and sensitive, Lester," she cried, "and I sometimes wonder at my own feelings; but remember, only remember what my father suffered. He was cheated out of the money that had been entrusted to him. He was afraid to face his own child. Oh, my poor dear, how could you wrong me so cruelly," she exclaimed, "how could you think that I should have spoken one word of reproach, or loved you any the less, if you had lost a dozen fortunes of mine? No, Laura, I *cannot* forget what my father suffered, I *cannot* be merciful to this man."

Eleanor's task was a very hard one. Laura would not believe, or she would not acknowledge that she believed; though she had none of the calm assurance which a perfect and entire faith in her lover should have given her. It was useless to reason with her. All Eleanor's logic was powerless against the passionate fierce of this girl's perpetual cry, the gist of which was "I will believe no harm of him! I love him, and I will not cease to love him!"

She would not argue, or listen to Eleanor's calm reasoning; for Mrs. Monckton was very calm in the knowledge of her own defeat, almost despairingly resigned, in the idea that all struggle against Launcelot Darrell was hopeless. Laura would not listen, would not be convinced. The man whom Eleanor had seen in Paris was not Launcelot. He was in India at that very time. He had written letters from India, and posted them thence, with foreign postage stamps. The shipbroker's books were all wrong; what was more likely than that stupid shipbrokers' clerks should make wrong entries in their horrid books? In short, according to poor Laura's reasoning, Launcelot Darrell was the victim of a series of coincidences. There had happened to be a person who resembled him in Paris at the time of George Vane's death. There had happened to be a mistake in the shipbroker's books. The figure in the water-colored sketch that Eleanor had stolen happened to be like the old man. Miss Mason rejected circumstantial evidence in toto. As for the story of the forgery, she declared that it was all a fabrication of Eleanor's, invented in order that the marriage should be postponed.

"You're very cruel, Eleanor," she cried, "and you've acted very treacherously, and I shouldn't have thought it of you. First you fall in love with Launcelot Darrell; and then you go and marry my guardian; and then, when you find that you don't like my guardian, you begrudge me my happiness; and you now want to set me against Launcelot; but I will not be set against him. There!"

This last decisive monosyllable was uttered amidst a torrent of sobs, and then, for a long time, the two girls sat in silence upon the sofa before the expiring fire. By-and-by, Laura nestled her head a little closer upon Eleanor's shoulder; then a little hand, very cold, by reason of its owner's agitation, stole into the open palm lying idle upon Mrs. Monckton's lap; and at last, in a low voice, almost stifled by tears, she murmured:

"*Do* you think that he is wicked? Oh! Eleanor, do you *really* think that it was he who cheated your poor old father?"

"I know that it was he, Laura."

"And do you believe that he has made a false will, for the sake of that dreadful money? Oh, how could he care for the money, when we might have been so happy together! Do you *really* believe that he has committed—forgery?"

She dropped her voice to a whisper as she spoke the word that was so awful to her when uttered in relation to Launcelot Darrell.

"I believe it, and I know it, Laura," Eleanor answered, gravely.

"But what will they do to him? What will become of him? They won't hang him—will they, Eleanor? They don't hang people for forgery now. Oh, Eleanor, what will become of him? I love him so dearly, I don't care what he is, or what he has done. I love him still, and would die to save him."

"You need not be afraid, Laura," Mrs. Monckton answered, rather bitterly. "Launcelot Darrell will escape all evil consequences of what he has done. You may be sure of that. He will hold his head higher than he ever held it yet, Laura. He will be master of Woodlands before next week is over."

"But his conscience, Eleanor, his conscience? He will be so unhappy—he will be so miserable."

Laura disengaged herself from the loving arm that had supported her, and started to her feet.

"Eleanor!" she cried, "where is he? Let me go to him! It is not too late to undo all this, perhaps. He can put back the real will, can't he?"

"No, the real will is lost."

"He can destroy the false one then."

"I don't think he will have the chance of doing that, Laura. If his heart is not hardened against remorse, he will have plenty of time for repentance between this and the time when the will is read. If he wishes to undo what he has done, he may make a confession to his aunts, and throw himself upon their mercy. They are the only persons likely to be injured by what he has done. The money was left to them in the original will, no doubt."

"His shall suffering, Monnie!" cried Laura. "I will throw myself upon my knees at his feet, and I won't leave him till he promises me to undo what he has done. His aunts will keep the secret, for their own sakes. They wouldn't like the world to know that their nephew could do such a wicked thing. He shall confess to them, and let them have the fortune, and then we can be married, and then we shall be as happy together as if he had never done wrong. Let me go to him."

"Not to-night, Laura. Look at the clock." Eleanor pointed to the dial of the time-piece opposite them. It was half-past two o'clock.

"I will see him to-morrow morning, then, Eleanor. I *will* see him."

"You shall, my dear; if you think it wise or right to do so."

But Laura Mason did not see her lover the next morning; for when the morning came she was in a burning fever, brought on by the agitation and excitement of the previous night. A medical man was summoned from Windsor to attend upon her, and Eleanor sat by her bed-side, watching her as tenderly as a mother watches her sick child.

Gilbert Monckton too was very anxious about his ward, and came up to the door of Laura's room to make inquiries many times in the course of that day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "RAILY LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LVIII.

A PILL FOR MR. CHATTAWAY.

George Ryle by no means admired the uncertainty in which he was kept as to the Upland Farm. Had Mr. Chattaway been any other than Mr. Chattaway, had he been a straightforward man, George would have said "Give me an answer. Yes or no." In point of fact, he did say so to Mr. Chattaway; but he could not get a decisive reply, one way or the other. Mr. Chattaway was pretty liberal in his covert sneers as to one with no means of his own taking so extensive a farm as the Upland; but he did not positively say, "I will not lease it to you." George bore the sharks with equanimity; he had that very desirable gift, a sweet temper; and he was, and could not help feeling that he was, so really superior to Mr. Chattaway, that he could afford to allow some latitude to that gentleman's evil tongue.

But the time was going on; it was necessary that some decision should be arrived at; and one morning George went up again to the Hold, determined to get a final answer. As he was going into the steward's room, he met Ford, the clerk at Blackstone, coming out of it.

"Is Mr. Chattaway in there?" asked George.

"He's there, as far as that goes," replied Ford. "But if you want to get any business out of him this morning, you won't, that's all. I have tramped all the way up here, about a matter that's in a hurry, and I have had my walk for my pains. Chattaway won't do anything, or say anything; doesn't seem capable; says he shall be at Blackstone by-and-by. And that's all I've got to go back with."

"Why won't he?"

"Goodness knows. He seems to have had some shock, or fright. He was staring at a letter when I went in, and I left him staring at it still when I came out, his wits evidently gone wool-gathering. Good morning, Mr. Ryle."

The young man made his way out, and George entered the room. Mr. Chattaway was seated at his desk; an open letter before him, as Ford had said. It was one that had been delivered by that morning's post, and it had brought the clammy sweat of dismay out upon his brow. He looked at George angrily.

"Who's this again? Am I never to be at peace? What do you want?"

"Mr. Chattaway, I want an answer. If you will not let me the Upland Farm—"

"I will give you no answer this morning, George Ryle. I am otherwise occupied, and I cannot be bothered with home business."

"Will you give me an answer—at all?"

"Yes, to-morrow. Come then."

George saw that something had indeed put Mr. Chattaway out; he appeared incapable of business, as Ford had intimated, and it would be policy, perhaps, to suffer it to rest until to-morrow. But a resolution came into George's mind to do at once what he had sometimes thought to do—to make a friend, if possible, of Miss Diana Trevlyn. He went about the house until he found her: he was almost as much at home in it as poor Rupert had been. Miss Diana happened to be alone in the breakfast-room. She was looking over what appeared to be bills, but she laid them aside at his entrance, and she—it was a most unusual thing—condescended to ask after the health of her sister, Mrs. Ryle.

"Miss Diana, I want you to be my good fairy friend," he said, in the winning manner that made George Ryle liked by every one; as he drew a chair near to her. "Will you whisper a word for me into the ear of Mr. Chattaway?"

"About that Upland Farm?"

"Yes. I cannot get an answer from him. He has promised me one to-morrow morning, but I do not rely upon getting it. I must be at some certainty. There's another farm that I have my eye upon if I cannot get Mr. Chattaway's; but it is at a distance from here, and I shall not like it half so well. While he keeps me shilly-shallying over this one, I may lose them both. There's an old proverb, you know, about two stools."

"Was that a joke the other day, the first you gave about marrying?" inquired Miss Diana.

"It was sober earnest. If I can get the Upland Farm, I shall, I hope, take my wife home to it almost as soon as I am installed myself."

"Is she a good manager, a practical woman?"

George smiled.

"No. She is a lady."

"I thought so," was the remark of Miss Diana, delivered in a very knowing tone. "I can tell you and your wife what, George, it will be uphill work for both of you."

"For a time; I know that. But, Miss Diana, once, when it comes, will be all the more enjoyable for having been worked for. I often think that the prosperity of those who have honestly worked for it and earned it, must be far sweeter than the monotonous prosperity of those who are born prosperous."

"That's true. The worst is, that sometimes the best years of life are over before prosperity comes."

"But those years have had their pleasure in working on for it. I question whether actual prosperity ever brings the pleasure that we enjoy when anticipating it and working for it. If we have no end to look to and scheme for, we should be miserable. Will you say a word for me to him, Miss Diana?"

"First of all, tell me the name of the lady. I suppose you have no objection?—you may trust me."

George's lips parted with a smile, and a faint flush stole over his features.

"I shall have to tell you before I win her, Miss Diana, if only to obtain your consent to my taking her from the Hold."

"*My* consent! I have nothing to do with it. You must get that from Mr. and Madam Chattaway."

"If I get yours, I am not sure that I should care to ask—his."

"Of whom do you speak?" she rejoined, looking puzzled.

"Of Maude Trevlyn."

Miss Diana rose from her chair, and stared at him in very astonishment.

"Maude Trevlyn?" she repeated. "Since when have you thought of Maude Trevlyn?"

"Since I thought of any one—thought at all, I was going to say. I loved Maude—yes, *loved* her, Miss Diana—when she was but a child."

"And you have not thought of any one else?"

"Never. I have loved Maude, and I have been content to wait for her. But that I was so trammelled with the farm at home, keeping it for Mrs. Ryle and Trove, I might have spoken before."

Maude Trevlyn was evidently not the lady upon whom Miss Diana's suspicions had fallen. It seemed that she could not recover her surprise—could scarcely yet admit the facts to her mind, so as to realise them.

"Have you never given cause to another to—to—suspect any admiration on your part?" she resumed, breaking the silence.

"Believe me, I never have. On the contrary," he added, glancing at Miss Diana with peculiar significance for a moment, and his tone was a most impressive one, "I have cautiously abstained from doing so."

"Ah, I see." And Miss Trevlyn's tone was not less significant than his.

"Will you give her to me, Miss Diana?"

"I don't know," she answered. "George Ryle, there may be trouble over this."

"Do you mean with Mr. Chattaway?"

"I mean— No matter what I mean. I think there will be trouble over it."

"There need be none if you will only sanction it. But that you might misconstrue me, Miss Diana, I would urge you to give her to me for Maude's own sake. This escapade of poor Rupert's has rendered the roof of Mr. Chattaway an undesirable one for her."

"Maude is a Trevlyn, and must marry a gentleman," spoke Miss Diana.

"I am one," said George, quietly. "Pardon me, Miss Diana, if I remind you that my descent is equal to that of the Trevlyns. In the days gone by—"

"You need not enter upon it," was the interruption. "I do not forget it. But gentle descent is not *all* that is necessary to render a marriage eligible. Maude will have money, and it is only right that she should marry one who possesses it in an equal degree."

"Maude will not have a shilling," cried George, impulsively.

"Indeed! Who told you so?"

George laughed.

"It is what I have always supposed. Where is she to have money from?"

"She will have a great deal of money," pursisted Miss Diana. "The half of my fortune, at least, will be Maude's. The other half I intended for Rupert. Do you suppose the last of the Trevlyns, Maude and Rupert, would be turned out on the world penniless?"

So! It had been Miss Diana's purpose to bequeath her money to them! Yes; loving power though she did, acquiescing tacitly, if not more actively (it was hardly known), in the act of usurpation of Trevlyn Hold by Mr. Chattaway, she intended to make it up in some degree to the children.

"Has Maude learnt to care for you?" she suddenly asked of George. "You hesitate?"

"If I hesitate, Miss Diana, it is not because I have no answer to give, but whether it would be quite fair to Maude to give it. The truth may be best, however; she *has* learnt to care for me. Perhaps you will answer me a question—have you any objection to me personally?"

"George Ryle, had I held objection to you personally, I should have ordered you out of the room the instant you mentioned Maude's name. Were your position a better one, I would give you Maude to-morrow—so far as my giving could avail. But to go into the Upland Farm upon borrowed money?—no; I do not think that will do for Miss Maude Trevlyn."

"It would be a better position for her than the one she now holds, as governess to Mr. Chattaway's children," replied George, boldly. "A better and a far happier."

"Nonsense," said Miss Diana. "Maude Trevlyn's position at Trevlyn Hold is not to be looked upon as that of governess, but as a daughter of the house. It was well that both she and Rupert should have some occupation."

"And on the other score?" resumed George. "May I dare to say the truth to you, Miss Diana, that in quitting the Hold for the home that I shall make for her, she will be leaving misery for happiness."

Miss Diana rose. "That is enough for the present," said she. "It has come upon me by surprise, and I must give it some hours' consideration before I can even realise it. With regard to the Upland Farm, I will ask Mr. Chattaway to accord you the preference if he can: the two matters are quite distinct and apart. I think you might get on at the Upland Farm, and be a good tenant; but I decline—and this you must distinctly understand—to give you any hope now with regard to Maude."

George held out his hand with his sunny smile. "I will wait until you have considered it, Miss Diana."

She took her way at once to Mrs. Chattaway's room. Happening, as she passed the corridor window, to cast her eyes to the front of the house, she saw George Ryle cross the lawn on his way from it. At the same moment, Octave Chattaway ran after him, evidently calling to him.

He stopped and turned. He could do no less. And Octave stood with him, laughing and talking rather more freely than she might have done had she been aware of what had just taken place. Miss Diana drew in her severe lips, changed her course, and sailed back to the hall door. Octave was coming in then.

"Manners have changed since I was a girl," remarked Miss Diana to her. "It would scarcely have been deemed seemly then for a young lady to run after a gentleman as he was quitting the house—I do not like it, Octave."

"Manners do change," returned Miss Chattaway, in a tone that she made as slighting as she dared. "It was only George Ryle, Aunt Diana."

"Do you know where Maude is?"

"No: I know nothing about her. I think if you gave Maude a word of reprimand on another score, instead of giving one to me, it might not be amiss, Aunt Diana. Since Rupert turned runagate—or renegade might be the better word—Maude has neglected her duties shamefully with Emily and Edith. She passes her time in moithering, and lets them run wild."

"Had Rupert been your brother you might have done the same," curtly rejoined Miss Diana. "A shock, like that, cannot be overgot in a day. Allow me to give you a hint, Octave: should you lose Maude for the children, you will not so efficiently replace her."

"We are not likely to lose her," said Octave, opening her eyes.

"I don't know that. It strikes me as being likely that we shall. George Ryle wants her."

"Wants her for what?" asked Octave, staring very much.

"He can want her but for one thing—to be his wife. He has loved her, it seems, for years."

She had turned her back to Octave as she said this, on her way up again to Mrs. Chattaway's room, never halting, never looking back at the still, white face that seemed to be turning into stone as it was strained after her.

In the sitting-room of Mrs. Chattaway she found that lady and Maude. She entered suddenly and hastily, and had Miss Diana been of a nature given to suspicion, it might have been excited in her breast then. In their close contact, in their start of surprise when interrupted, in the frightened expression of their haggard countenances, there was too surely evidence of some unhappy secret. Miss Diana was closely followed into the room by Mr. Chattaway.

"Did you not hear me call?" he inquired of his sister-in-law.

"No," she replied. "I heard you on the stairs behind me, but I did not hear you speak. What is it?"

"Read that," said Mr. Chattaway.

He tossed an open letter to her. It was the one which had so put him out; which had rendered him incapable of business. After digesting it alone in the best manner he could, he had now come to submit it to the keen and calm inspection of Miss Trevlyn.

"Oh," said she, carelessly, as she looked at the writing, "it is another from Connell & Connell."

"Read it, will you?" repeated Mr. Chattaway, in a low tone. He was too completely shaken to be anything but subdued.

Miss Diana proceeded to do so. It was a letter shorter, if anything, than the one previously received, but more peremptory, even more decided. It simply said that Mr. Rupert Trevlyn had written to inform them of his intention of taking immediate possession of Trevlyn Hold, and had requested them to acquaint Mr. Chattaway with the same. Miss Diana read it to herself, and then read it aloud for the general benefit.

"It is the most infamous thing that has ever come under my notice," said Mr. Chattaway. "What right have those men, those Connells, to write to me in this strain? If Rupert Trevlyn passes his time pandering folly to them, is it the work of a respectable firm to perpetrate—as may be said—the jokes on me?"

Mrs. Chattaway and Maude gazed on each other, perfectly confounded. It was next to an impossibility that Rupert could have thus written, as stated, to Connell & Connell. If they had but dared to defend him!

"Why suffer it to put you out, James?" Mrs. Chattaway ventured to say. "Rupert *cannot* be writing such letters; he *cannot* be thinking of attempting to take possession here; the bare idea is absurd: treat it as such."

"But these communications to me from Connell & Connell are not the less disgraceful," was the reply of Mr. Chattaway. "I'd as soon be annoyed with anonymous letters."

Miss Diana Trevlyn had not spoken. The affair, to her keen mind, began to wear a strange appearance. She looked off from the letter—she seemed to have been examining its every word—at Mr. Chattaway. "Were Connell & Connell not so respectable, I should say that they have lent themselves to play a sorry joke upon you for the purpose of the worst annoyance: being what they are, that view falls to the ground. There is only one possible solution of it: but—"

"And what's that?" eagerly interrupted Mr. Chattaway.

"That Rupert is amusing himself, and has contrived to impose upon Connell & Connell some false notion of the plausibility of his claim:—"

"He has not; he never has," broke in Mrs. Chattaway. "I mean," she more calmly added, as she recollected herself, "that Connell & Connell could not be imposed upon by any foolish claim that might be put forth by Rupert."

"I wish you'd hear me out," was the composed rejoinder of Miss Diana. "It is what I was about to say. Had Connell & Connell been different men, they might be so imposed upon; but I do not think they, or any firm of similar high standing, would presume to write such letters as these to the master of Trevlyn Hold, unless they had substantial grounds for doing it."

"Then what can the letters mean?" cried Mr. Chattaway, wiping his hot face.

Ay, what could they mean? It was indeed a puzzle, and the matter began to assume a serious form. What had been the vain boastings of Mr. Daw, compared to this? Cris Chattaway, when he came home and this second letter was shown to him, was loudly indignant, but all the loud indignation that Mr. Chattaway had been prone to indulge in seemed to have gone out of *him*. Mr. Flood wrote to Connell & Connell to request an explanation, and received a courteous and immediate reply. But there was no further information in it than the letters themselves had contained—or than even Mr. Peterby had elicited when he wrote up, on his own part, a private letter to Mr. Ray: nothing but that Mr. Rupert Trevlyn was about to take possession of his own again, Trevlyn Hold.

CHAPTER LIX.

A GHOST FOR OLD CANHAM.

Trevlyn Hold was a fine place, the cynosure and envy of the neighborhood around; and yet it would perhaps be impossible in all that neighborhood for any family to be found so completely miserable as that which inhabited the Hold. The familiar saying is a very true one: "All is not gold that glitters."

Enough has been said of the many trials, the discomforts of Mrs. Chattaway: they had been many and varied; but never had the trouble accumulated upon her head as it had now. The terrible secret that Rupert was within hail, wasting unto death, was blistering her brain by night and by day. It seemed that the whole weight of it lay upon her; that she was responsible for [illegible] well and his ways if he died, would be [illegible] world; would [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Chattaways passing and repassing outside the lodge, and Ann Canham's grumbling volleys inside it, I can tell you that an entrance for them, who might not be seen to enter it, was not always within the range of possibility. Look at poor Rupert; at the lighting up of his eye, at the kindling hectic of his cheek!

Mrs. Chattaway contrived to squeeze herself between Rupert and the door, between the wall and the bed, and sat down on the edge of the latter as she took his hands in hers. "I am so glad to see that you have made an effort to get up, Rupert!" she whispered.

"I don't think I shall make it again, Aunt Edith. You have no conception how it has tired me. I was a good half-hour getting into my coat and waistcoat."

"But you will be all the better for it."

"I don't know," said Rupert, in a spiritless tone. "I feel as if there'd never be any 'better' for me again."

She began telling him of what she had been purchasing for him at Barmester—a tongue dressed in jelly, a box of sardines, some potted meat, and such like things that are to be found in the provision shops. They were not precisely the dishes suitable to Rupert's weakly state; but since the accident to Rebecca he had been fain to put up with what chance things could be thus procured. And then Mrs. Chattaway opened gently upon the subject of the letters.

"It seems so strange, Rupert, quite an unexplainable thing, but Mr. Chattaway has had another of those curious letters from that firm in London, Connell & Connell."

"Has he," answered Rupert, with apathy.

Mrs. Chattaway looked at him with all the fainted penetration she possessed: in point of fact she was just one of those persons who possess none; but she could not detect the faintest sign of previous cognizance.

"Was there anything about me in it?" he asked, wearily.

"It was all about you. It said that you had written to Connell & Connell, stating your intention of taking possession of the Hold."

This a little aroused him. "Connell & Connell have been writing that to Mr. Chattaway! Why, what fools they must be!"

"Rupert! You have *not* written to them, have you?"

He looked at Mrs. Chattaway in surprise: for she had evidently asked the question seriously.

"I am not strong enough to play jokes, Aunt Edith. And if I were, I should not be so senseless as to play *that* joke. What end would it answer?"

"I thought not," she murmured; "I was sure not. Setting everything else aside, Rupert, you are not well enough to write."

"No, I don't think I am. I don't suppose I could get down a side of note-paper if I tried. I could hardly scrawl those lines to George Ryle, sometime ago—but then the fever was upon me. No, Aunt Edith: the only letter I have written since I became a prisoner here was the one I wrote to Mr. Daw, the night I first took shelter here, just after the encounter with Mr. Chattaway, and Ann Canham posted it at Barmester the next day. What on earth can possess Connell & Connell?"

"Diane argues that Connell & Connell must be receiving those letters, or they would not write to Mr. Chattaway in the manner they are doing. For my part, I can't make it out."

"What does Mr. Chattaway say?" asked Rupert, when a fit of coughing was over. "Is he angry?"

"He is more than angry," she seriously answered; "he is troubled. He thinks that you are writing them."

"No! Why he might know that I shouldn't dare to do it: he might know that I am not well enough to write them."

"Nay, Rupert, you forget that Mr. Chattaway does not know you are ill."

"To be sure; I forgot that. But *troubled?* I can't believe that, of Mr. Chattaway. How could a poor, weak, friendless chap, such as I, contend for the possession of Treviyn Hold? Aunt Edith, I'll tell you what it must be. If Connells' are not playing this joke themselves to annoy Mr. Chattaway, somebody must be playing it on them."

Mrs. Chattaway acquiesced in the conclusion: it was the only one to which she could come.

"Oh, Aunt Edith, if he would but forgive me!" sighed Rupert. "When I get well—and I should get well, if I could go back to the Hold to Aunt Diana's nursing, and get this fear out of me—I would work night and day to pay him back the cost of the ricks. If he would but forgive me!"

Ah! none better than Mrs. Chattaway knew how vain was the wish! With the walls freah plastered—as they had been—with more bills offering their reward for the incendiary Rupert Treviyn; with the bitter animosity rankling in the heart of Mr. Chattaway, bitter and more bitter since that last letter, she could have told Rupert how worse than vain was any hope of forgiveness. She could have told him, had she chosen, of an unhappy scene of the past night, when she, Edith Chattaway, urged on by the miserable state of existing things and her tribulation for Rupert, had so far forgotten prudence as to all but kneel to her husband and beg him to forgive that poor incendiary, and Mr. Chattaway had been excited by it to the very depths of anger; had demanded of his wife whether she were mad or sane, that she should dare to ask it.

"Yes, Rupert," she meekly said, "I wish it also, for your sake. But, my dear, it is just an impossibility."

"If I could be got off here safely and out of the country, I might go to Mr. Daw for a time, and get up my strength there."

"Yes, if you could. But in your weak state discovery would be the result before you were clear from these walls: you cannot take flight of your own accord and run away in the night. Everybody knows you: and the police, we have heard, are keeping their eyes open."

"I'd bribe Dumps, if I had money—"

Rupert's voice dropped. A sort of commotion had arisen suddenly down stairs, and, his fears ever on the alert touching the police and Mr. Chattaway, he put up his finger to enjoin caution, and bent his head to listen. But no strange voice could be distinguished: only those of old Canham and his daughter. A short while, and Ann came up the stairs, looking scared.

"What's the matter?" panted Rupert, who was the first to catch sight of her face.

"I can't think whatever's come to father, sir," she returned. "I was in the back place, and I heard a sort o' cry from him, so I ran in. There he was, a-standing with his hair all on end like one in mortal fright, and afore I could speak he began saying that he see a ghost go past. He's a-staring out o' window and saying it still. I trust his senses are not a-leaving him!"

To hear of this queer assertion from sober-minded, matter-of-fact, old Canham, certainly did impart a suspicion that his senses must have deserted him. Mrs. Chattaway rose from her low seat to descend; not on this score, but that she had already lingered longer with Rupert than was prudent. She found old Canham as Ann had described him, with that peculiarly scared look on the face which some people deem equivalent to "the hair standing on end." He was staring with a fixed expression towards the Hold.

"Has anything happened to alarm you, Mark?"

The gentle question of Mrs. Chattaway recalled him to himself. He turned towards her, leaning heavily on his stick, the expression of his eyes one of vague terror.

"It happened, madam, as I had got out o' my seat and was a-standing to look out o' window, thinking how fine the a'ternoon was, and how bad the land wanted rain, when he come in at the gate with a fine silver-headed stick in his hand, a-turning of his head about from side to side as if (but that have struck me since) he was taking note of the old place again to see what changes there might be in it. I was struck all of a heap when I saw his figure; 'was just the figure it used to be, only maybe a bit younger, less stout like, but when he moved his head this way and looked full at me, I felt as one turned into stone. It was his face, ma'am, if I ever saw it."

"But whose?" asked Mrs. Chattaway, smiling at his incoherence.

Old Canham glanced round before he spoke; he glanced at Mrs. Chattaway, with a half-compassionate, half-inquiring glance, as if not liking to speak.

"Madam, it was the old squire, my late master."

"It was—who?" demanded Mrs. Chattaway, less gently than usual in her great surprise.

"It was Squire Treviyn; Madam's father."

Mrs. Chattaway could do nothing but stare. She thought old Mark's senses were decidedly gone.

"There never was a face like his. Miss Maude—that is, Mrs. Ryle now—have got his features exact; but she's not as tall and portly, being a woman. Ah, madam, you may smile at me, but it was Squire Treviyn."

"But, Mark, you know it is an impossibility."

"Madam, 'twas him. He must ha' come out of his grave for some purpose, and is a visiting his own again. I never was a believer in them things afore, or thought as the dead came back to life."

To argue with Mark, even if she had had the time, would have appeared a useless effort to Mrs. Chattaway, so determinately did he speak. But Ann Canham, who had been outside to reconnoitre, came in to say that the coast was clear. Not an instant had to be lost then, and the next moment Mrs. Chattaway was in the avenue, speeding towards Treviyn Hold.

Ghosts have gone out of fashion, you know; therefore, the enlightened reader will not be likely to endorse Old Canham's belief. But I can tell you this much: that when Mrs. Chattaway, turning quickly round the sweeping angle of the avenue, saw, at not a great distance from her, a gentleman standing to talk to some one whom he had encountered, she sprung aside to the trees and laid hold of their trunks, as one in sudden terror, on awaking from a dreadful dream, will seize upon the nearest substance and grasp it, as if it can and does afford some protection. Mrs. Chattaway did not believe in "the dead coming back" any more than Old Canham had believed in it; but in that moment's startled surprise she did think she saw her father.

She grasped the trunk and gazed out beyond it at that figure standing there, her lips apart, the bright complexion of her face fading to an ashy paleness. Never had she seen so extraordinary a likeness. The tall, fine form, somewhat less full perhaps than of yore, the distinctly-marked features with their firm and haughty expression, the fresh tints of the clear skin, the very manner of his handling that silver-headed stick; spoke in unmistakable terms of Squire Treviyn.

Not until they parted, the two who were talking, did Mrs. Chattaway observe that the other was Nora Dickson. Nora came down the avenue towards her; the stranger went on with his firm step, and his firmly-grasped walking-stick. Mrs. Chattaway was advancing then.

"Nora, who is that?" she gasped.

"I am trying to collect my wits, if they are not scared away for good," was Nora's response. "Madam Chattaway, you might just have flung me down with a feather. I was walking along, thinking of nothing, except my vexation that you were not at home—for Mr. George charged me to bring this note to you, and to deliver it instantly into your own hands, and nobody else's; he said he'd have come himself, but was compelled to be off on business to Layton's Heath—when I met him. I didn't know whether to face him, or to scream, or to turn and run; one doesn't like to meet the dead, and I declare to you, Madam Chattaway, I believed, in my confused brain, that it was the dead. I believed it was Squire Treviyn."

"Nora, I never saw two persons so strangely alike," she breathed, mechanically, taking the note from Nora's hand. "Who is he?"

"My brain's at work to discover who he can be," returned Nora, dreamily. "I am trying to put two and two together, and I can't do it; unless the dead shall have come to life—or those whom we have believed dead."

"Nora! you cannot mean my father!" exclaimed Mrs. Chattaway, gazing at her with a strangely perplexed face. "You know that he is dead; that he lies buried in Barbrook churchyard. What did he say to you?"

"Not much. He saw me staring at him, I suppose, and he stopped and asked if I belonged to the Hold. I answered, no, I did not belong to it; I was Miss Dickson, of Treviyn Farm; and then it was his turn to stare at me. He did stare, at every feature separately. 'I think I should have known you,' he said. 'At least, I do, now that I have the clue. You are not much altered. Should you have known me?' 'I don't know you now,' I answered; 'unless you are old Squire Treviyn come out of his grave.' 'I never saw such a likeness.'"

"And what did he say?" eagerly asked Mrs. Chattaway.

"Nothing more. He laughed a little at my speech, and went on. Madam Chattaway, will you open the note, please, and see if there's any answer. Mr. George said it was important."

She opened the note, which had lain unheeded in her hand, and read as follows:—

"Do not attempt further visits. Suspicions are abroad. G. R."

She had just attempted one, and paid it. Had it been watched? A rush of fear bounded up within her for Rupert's sake.

"Is there any answer?" asked Nora.

"No, there's no answer," she said, speaking mechanically still, in her confused and perplexed thoughts. "Tell—tell Mr. Ryle that I shall be glad to see him, Nora, when he returns from Layton's Heath."

"How's that stupid cook?" Nora stopped to ask, as they were parting. "A senseless thing, to overturn a kettle of jelly on to her feet! Had it been Nanny, I should have felt tempted to tell her that it served her right for her carelessness."

"She is going on all right," said Mrs. Chattaway. "She is a good, faithful servant, Nora. She had got it hanging on one of her pot-hooks, and the handle slipped as she was going to take it off."

"A swinging handle, I suppose. Slippery things! They are dangerous in careless hands."

This was said partially to the avenue. Mrs. Chattaway was on her way homewards, not unlike one in a dream. She went along, tearing George Ryle's writing into minute bits, and scattering them to the winds. Who *was* that man before her? What was his name? where did he come from? Why should he bear this strange likeness to her dead father? Ah, why, indeed! The truth never for one moment penetrated to the mind of Mrs. Chattaway.

He went on; he, the stranger. When he came to the lawn before the house, he stepped on to it and halted. He looked to this side, he looked to that; he gazed up to the house, into every window, just as one loves to look, on returning to a beloved home after an absence of years. He stood with his head thrown back; his right hand stretched out, sideways to its full extent from his body, and the stick it grasped planted firm and upright on the ground. How many times had the old Squire Treviyn stood in the self-same attitude on that same lawn!

There appeared to be no eyes about; the windows were empty; no one saw him, save Mrs. Chattaway, who hid herself amidst the avenue trees, and furtively watched him. She would not have passed him for the world, and she waited until he should be gone; she was unable to divert her mind of a sensation that was akin to the supernatural as she shrunk from this man who bore so wonderful a resemblance in all ways to her father. He, the stranger, did not detect her behind him, and presently he walked across the lawn, ascended the steps, and tried the door.

But the door was fast. The servants would sometimes slip the bolt of it as a protection against tramps, and they had probably done so to-day. Seizing the bell handle, the visitor rung such a peal that Sam Atkins, Cris Chattaway's groom, who happened to be in the house and near the door, flew with all speed to open it. Sam had never known Squire Treviyn; but in this stranger now before him, he could not fail to remark a great general resemblance to the Treviyn family.

"Is James Chattaway at home?"

To hear the master of the Hold inquired for in that unceremonious manner, rather took Sam aback; but he answered that he was at home. He had no need to invite the visitor to walk in, for that he had done of his own accord. "What name, sir?" demanded Sam, preparing to usher the stranger across the hall.

"Squire Treviyn."

This finished the astonishment of Sam Atkins. "*What* name, sir, did you say?"

"Squire Treviyn. Are you deaf, man? Squire Treviyn, of Treviyn Hold."

And the haughty motion of the thrown-back head, the firm clasp of the decisive lips, might have put a spectator all too unpleasantly in mind of the veritable old Squire Treviyn, had one who had known him been there to see.

CHAPTER LX.

THE LIVING DREAD COME HOME TO MR. CHATTAWAY.

Nothing could well exceed Mr. Chattaway's astonishment at hearing that George Ryle wished to make Maude Treviyn his wife. And nothing could well exceed his displeasure. Not that Mr. Chattaway had higher views for Maude, or deemed it an undesirable match for her in a pecuniary point of view, as Miss Diana Treviyn had felt inclined to deem it. Had Maude chosen to marry without any prospect at all, that would not have troubled Mr. Chattaway. But what did trouble Mr. Chattaway was this—that a sister of Rupert Treviyn should become connected with George Ryle. In Mr. Chattaway's foolish and utterly groundless prejudices, he had suspected, as you may remember, that George Ryle and Rupert had been ever ready to hatch mischief against him; and he dreaded for his own sake any bond of union that might bring them closer together.

There was something else. By some intuitive perception Mr. Chattaway had detected a liking on his daughter's part for George Ryle; a very ridiculous and misplaced liking of Miss Octave's, considering that she had never been encouraged in it. And *this* union would not have been unpalatable to Mr. Chattaway. Whatever may have been his ambitious views for his daughter's settlement in life; whatever may have been his dislike to George Ryle, he was willing to forego it all for his own sake. Every consideration was lost sight of in that one which had always reigned paramount with Mr. Chattaway—self-interest. You have not waited until now to learn that James Chattaway was one of the most selfish men on the face of the earth. Some men like, so far as they can, to do their duty to God and to their fellow-creatures; the master of Treviyn Hold liked to do it only to himself. It had been his motive-spring through life; and what sort of a garner for the Great Day do you suppose he had been laying up for himself? He was soon to experience a little check here, but what was that, in comparison? The ills that our evil conduct entails upon ourselves here, are as nothing to the dread reckoning that we must render up hereafter.

Mr. Chattaway would have leased the Upland Farm to George Ryle with all the pleasure in life, provided he could have leased his daughter with it. Were George Ryle his veritable son-in-law, then he would not fear any plotting machination against himself. Somehow he did fear George Ryle. He had cherished a latent fear of him ever since the boy had so successfully braved him in quitting the service of Wall and Barnes and establishing his firm footing in his own home, Treviyn Farm. It was not that Mr. Chattaway feared George as one fears a bad man: no one could fear George Ryle in that way: but Mr. Chattaway feared him as a good one; as a brave, upright, honorable man, who might be tempted to make common cause with the oppressed against the oppressor. It may be also, that Miss Chattaway did not render herself so universally agreeable in her home as she might have done, for her temper, naturally a bad one, did not improve with years; and for this cause Mr. Chattaway perhaps was not sorry that the Hold should be rid of her. Altogether, he contemplated with satisfaction, rather than otherwise, the faint vista presented to his view of the connection of George Ryle with his family. A vista that hitherto had been of the slightest possible aspect, one which Mr. Chattaway had not been sure whether he saw or not; but he could not be quite blind to certain predilections shown by Octave, though no hint of it, no allusion to it had ever been spoken on any side.

And that first day when George Ryle, after speaking to Mr. Chattaway about the lease of the Upland Farm, said a joking word or two to Miss Diana of his marriage that was to supervene upon it, Octave had overheard. You saw her with her scarlet cheeks of excitement looking over her aunt's shoulder; cheeks which seemed to scare George and caused him to take his leave somewhat abruptly. But ere he had well quitted the scene, Mr. Chattaway had entered upon it, and he had also seen the glowing face of hope.

Poor Octave Chattaway! The words of George that his coveted wife was a gentlewoman born and bred, and must live as such, had imparted to her a meaning that George himself never gave them. She caught up the notion that she was the gentlewoman to whom he alluded—but the notion, as you are aware, was an erroneous one.

Miss Diana left the room, and Mr. Chattaway remained in it alone with his daughter. She, Octave, bent over the table, continuing the employment—that of tracing a pattern—from which she had been interrupted by the voice of George. Mr. Chattaway stood with his back to her, gazing out at the window with his hands in his pockets; it was rather a habit of his when in thought.

"He wants the Upland Farm, Octave," Mr. Chattaway presently remarked, without turning round. "He thinks he can get on at it."

Miss Chattaway took her pencil to the end of the line, and bent her face lower, to hide the scarlet glowing there. "I should let it him, papa."

"The Upland Farm will take money, both to stock it and carry it on; no slight sum," remarked Mr. Chattaway.

"Yes. Did he say how he should manage to get it?"

"From Apperley. He will have his work cut out if he is to begin farming on borrowed money; as his father had before him. It is only this day, this very day, that he has paid off that debt, contracted so many years ago."

"And no wonder, on the small and poor Treviyn Farm. The Upland is different. A man would get rich on the one, and starve on the other."

"The Upland is an extensive farm—the land good. But, to take the best farm in the world on borrowed money, would entail up-hill work for him. George Ryle will have to work hard; and so must his wife, should he marry one."

Octave paused for a moment, apparently mastering some intricacies in her pattern. "Not his wife; I do not see that. My Aunt Maude is a case in point; she has never worked on Treviyn Farm."

"She has had her cares, though," returned Mr. Chattaway. "And she would have had to work but for Nora Dickson."

"The Upland Farm could afford a housekeeper if necessary," was Octave's answer.

Not another word was spoken. Mr. Chattaway's suspicions were confirmed, and he determined when George Ryle again asked for the farm lease, and for Octave, to accord both with rather more graciousness than he was accustomed to accord anything.

Things did not turn out, however, precisely in accordance with his expectations. The best of us get disappointed sometimes, you know. George Ryle pressed very greatly for the farm, but he did not press for Octave. In point of fact, he never mentioned her name, or so much as hinted at any interest he might feel in her; and Mr. Chattaway, rather in a puzzle and very cross, abstained from promising the farm. He prolonged the question, very much to George's inconvenience, who set it down to caprice.

But the time came for Mr. Chattaway's eyes to be opened, and he awoke to the cross purposes which had been at work. On the afternoon of the day mentioned in the last chapter, during the stolen visit of Mrs. Chattaway to Rupert, Mr. Chattaway was undeceived. He had been at home all day, busy over accounts and other business in the steward's room; and Miss Diana, mindful of her promise to George Ryle, to speak a word in his favor relative to the Upland Farm, penetrated to that room for the purpose, deeming it a good opportunity. Mr. Chattaway had been so upset since the receipt of the second letter from Connell & Connell, that she had abstained hitherto from mentioning the subject. Mr. Chattaway was seated at his desk, and he looked up with a start as she abruptly entered; the start of a man who lives in some fear.

"Have you decided about the Upland Farm—whether George Ryle's to have it?" she asked, plunging into the subject without circumlocution, as it was the habit of Miss Diana Treviyn to do.

"No, not precisely. I shall see in a day or two."

"But you promised him an answer long before this."

"Ah," slightingly spoke Mr. Chattaway. "It's not convenient always to keep one's promises."

"Why are you holding off?"

"Well, for one thing, I thought of retaining that farm in my own hands, and keeping a bailiff to look after it."

"Then you'll burn your fingers, James Chattaway. Those who manage the Upland Farm should live at the Upland Farm. You can't properly manage both places; that, and Treviyn Hold; and you live at Treviyn Hold. I don't see why you should not let it to George Ryle."

Mr. Chattaway sat, biting the end of his pen. Miss Diana waited; but he did not speak, and she resumed.

"I believe he will do well on it. Only what has done so much with that small place, Treviyn Farm, and its not naturally good land, will not fail to do well on the Upland. Let him have it, Chattaway."

"You speak as if you were interested in his having it," remarked Mr. Chattaway, in a sort of resentment.

"I am not sure but I am," equably answered Miss Diana. "I see no reason why you should not let him the farm; for there's no doubt that he'll prove a good tenant. He has spoken to me about his involving something more, should he obtain it," she continued, after a pause.

"Ah," said Mr. Chattaway, without surprise. "Well?"

"He wants us to give him Maude."

Mr. Chattaway let fall his pen, and it made a dreadful blot on his account book, so he turned his head sharply on Miss Diana.

"Maude! You mean Octave."

"Pooh!" cried Miss Diana. "Octave has been spending her years looking after a mare's nest; people who do such foolish things must of necessity encounter disappointment. George Ryle has never cared for her, never cast a thought to her."

Mr. Chattaway's face was turning of in disagreeable color, green; and his lips were drawn back as he glared on Miss Treviyn.

"He has been always coming here."

"Yes. For Maude—as it turns out. I confess I never thought of it."

"How do you know this?"

"He has asked for Maude, I tell you. His hopes for years have been fixed upon her."

"He shall never have her," said Mr. Chattaway, emphatically. "He shall never have the Upland Farm."

"It was the decision—with regard to Maude—that crossed me in the first moment. I like *him;* quite well enough to give him Maude, or to give him Octave, had the been the one sought; but I do not consider his position suitable—"

"Suitable! Why, he's a beggar," interrupted Mr. Chattaway, completely losing sight of his own past intentions with regard to his daughter. "George Ryle shall smart for this. Give him Maude, indeed!"

"But if Maude's happiness shall be involved in it, what then?" quietly asked Miss Diana.

"Don't be an idiot," was the retort of Mr. Chattaway.

"I never was one yet," said Miss Diana, equably. "But I have nearly made up my mind to give him Maude."

"You cannot do it without my consent. She is under my roof and guardianship, and I tell you that she shall never leave it for that of George Ryle."

"You should bring a little reason to your aid before you speak," returned Miss Diana, with that calm assumption of intellectual superiority which so vexed Mr. Chattaway whenever it peeped out. "What are the true facts? Why, that no living being, neither you nor anybody else, can legally prevent Maude from marrying whom she will. You have no power to prevent it. She and Rupert have never had a legally-appointed guardian, remember. But for that letter, written at the instance of their mother when she was dying, and which appears to have been lost in so mysterious a manner, *I* should have been their guardian," pointedly concluded Miss Diana. "And might have married Maude as I pleased."

Mr. Chattaway made no reply, save that he nervously bit his green lips. If Miss Treviyn turned against him, all seemed lost. That letter was upon his conscience; then, as he sat; for he it was who had suppressed it.

"And therefore, as in point of fact we have no power whatever vested in us, as Maude might marry whom she chose without consulting us, and as I like George Ryle on his own account, and *she* likes him better than the whole world, I consider that we had better give a free consent. It will be making a merit of necessity, you see, Chattaway."

Mr. Chattaway saw nothing of the sort; but he dared not too openly defy Miss Treviyn.

"You would marry her to a beggar?" he cried. "To a man who does not possess a shilling! You must have a great regard for her!"

"Maude has none, you know."

"I do know it. And that it is all the more reason why her husband should possess money."

"They will get along, Chattaway, at the Upland Farm."

"I dare say they will—when they get it. I shall not lease the Upland Farm to a man who has to borrow money to go into it."

"I might be brought to obviate that difficulty," rejoined Miss Diana, in her coldest and hardest manner, as she gazed full at Mr. Chattaway. "Since I learnt that their mother left the children to me, I have had a sort of proprietary right in them, and shall perhaps hand over to Maude, when she leaves us, sufficient money to stock the Upland Farm. The half at least of what I possess will some time be hers."

Was *this* the result of his having suppressed that dying mother's letter? Be you very sure, Mr. Chattaway, that such dealings can never prosper! So long as there is a just and good God above us, they can but bring their proper recompense.

Mr. Chattaway did not trust himself to reply. He drew a sheet of paper towards him, and dashed off a few lines upon it. It was a peremptory refusal to lease the Upland Farm to George Ryle. Folding it, he placed it in an envelope, directed it, and rang a peal on the room bell.

"What's that?" asked Miss Diana.

"My reply to Ryle. He shall never rent the Upland Farm."

In Mr. Chattaway's impatience, he did not give time for the bell to be answered, but opened the room door and shouted out. It was nobody's business in particular to answer that bell; and Sam Atkins, who was in the kitchen, waiting some orders, from Cris, ran forward at sound of Mr. Chattaway's call.

"Take this letter down to Treviyn Farm instantly," was the command of Mr. Chattaway. "Instantly, do you hear?"

But in the very act of the groom's taking it from Mr. Chattaway's hand, there came that violent ring at the hall door of which you have heard. Sam Atkins, thinking possibly the Hold might be on fire, as the ricks had been, not so long ago, flew away to open it, though it was not his place to do so.

And Mr. Chattaway, disturbed, it may be, by the loud and imperative ring, stood where he was, and looked and listened. He saw the entrance of the stranger, and heard the colloquy; heard the announcement of the name: "Squire Treviyn, of Treviyn Hold.

Miss Diana Treviyn heard it, and came forth, and they stood like two living petrifactions, gazing at the apparition. Miss Diana, strong-minded woman that she was, did think for the moment that she saw her father. But her senses came to her, and she walked slowly forward to meet him.

"You must be my brother, Rupert Treviyn!—risen from the dead."

"I am; but not risen from the dead," he answered, taking the hands she held out. "Which of them are you?—Maude?"

"No; Diana. Oh, Rupert! I thought it was my father."

It was indeed him whom they had for so many years believed to be dead, the runaway, Rupert Treviyn. He had come back to claim his own; come home in his true character: Squire Treviyn of Treviyn Hold.

Mr. Chattaway, in his worst and wildest dreams, had never bargained for this!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A "SWAMP ANGEL" INCIDENT.—The "Swamp Angel" is the gun which has had the pleasure of shelling Charleston. Why it has such a celestial appellation as "angel" I am at a loss to conceive; but "swamp" is right and to the point, since the battery which it graces was built in a swamp which a Northern farmer would view with a horror doubly horrible.

Col. Serrill, of the New York Engineers, had the charge of its construction, and being of an energetic constitution himself, and not afraid to enter swamps, you can imagine his surprise when one of his lieutenants, whom he had ordered to take twenty men and enter this swamp, said that "he could not do it—the mud was too deep." Col. Serrill ordered him to try. He did so, and the lieutenant returned with his men covered with mud, and said:

"Colonel, the mud is over my men's heads; I can't do it."

The Colonel insisted, and told the lieutenant to make a requisition for anything that was necessary for the safe passage of the swamp. The lieutenant made his requisition in writing, and on the spot. It was as follows: "*I want twenty men, eighteen feet long, to cross a swamp fifteen feet deep.*"

The joke was a good one. It secured, however, not a cubit to the stature of the lieutenant, but rather his arrest for disrespect to his superior. The battery, however, was built with the aid of wheelbarrows and sand. Like Jonah's gourd, it sprang up in a night.

BRITISH SUPERSTITION.—The other day a laboring man from Werplesdon called upon a chemist in Guildford, and gravely informed him that his wife had been bewitched two years ago, and that she had remained in that state ever since, much to the grief of her husband and family, and the annoyance of her neighbors. He said that he had been informed that if he got a quarter of a pound of sugar candy, mixed it it up with the yolk of two eggs, and gave a dose to his wife night and morning in water, "over which the living and the dead had been carried," she would soon recover. Of course the chemist tried to ridicule him out of his silly notion, but the foolish man went away as fully persuaded as before that his wife was bewitched, and avowing his intention of getting the mercury and the water before he quitted Guildford.—*West Surrey Times.*

IMMENSE STRAWBERRY CROP.—The Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat says:—

"A single fact which has came to our knowledge relating to the strawberry crop of the past season, will doubtless astonish many of our readers. A prominent fruit-grower of western New York, from a single patch of sixteen acres, sent to market thirteen hundred bushels as strawberries of the Wilson Seedling and Triomphe de Gand varieties. The entire crop was sold at an average price of one shilling per quart, realizing the snug sum of five thousand two hundred dollars, as the product of sixteen acres of ground. We doubt whether any other sixteen acres in western New York have yielded the like sum as the single crop. This may be taken as an instance of the profitableness of thoroughly scientific fruit-growing."

☞ When a thing does not suit you, think of some pleasant quality in it. There is nothing so bad as it might be. Whenever you catch yourself in a fault-finding remark, say something approving in the same breath, and you will soon be cured.

NEWS ITEMS.

RELIC IN CANADA.—The well-known French author, Raymond Laborie, has proposed that the French Government shall stock all the canals in France with eels, both as a source of revenue to be raised on grants of the right to fish, and of a cheap and wholesome food for the poorer classes of the people.

THE water-works of Liverpool, England, are extensive. The gathering ground of the water extends over about ten thousand acres, the water from which is retained in several reservoirs. These reservoirs, when full, are calculated to contain three billion gallons. The water is passed though filter beds, six in number.

GENERAL HALLECK'S PARENTAGE.—One of the facts revealed by the information now being collected of the Bureau of Military Statistics at Albany, is that Major-General W. Halleck is a native of Waterville, Oneida county, New York, and that his grandfather, Jabez Halleck, now in his 103rd year, is still a resident of that town.

TOBACCO IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Greenfield Gazette says: "There is a field of tobacco in Hatfield Meadows for which—that is, for the tobacco on it—the owner has been offered forty thousand dollars by a New York speculator."

A GHOST NOT OF THE BILLS.—The new ghost machine, which has recently had such wonderful success in New York, made a most ludicrous blunder in an illusion introduced at one of the London theatres. In one of the most awful and startling scenes, instead of the "haunted man," the figure of a carpenter in his shirt sleeves, debarking a plank of sale, was too faithfully shadowed forth. The utter unconsciousness of the man, who was below the stage as to what was passing, made the scene excessively ludicrous.

LONG RANGE.—It is said of the Parrix gun that it throws shell nine miles, or nearly twice the distance the big gun attained with which Gilmore shelled Charleston. Such a range as this seems incredible, but so would a distance of five miles have been considered a few months back.

A VERMIAN SPRING.—While the army under Gen. Blunt was marching, recently, through the country southward of Fort Scott, some boys dug into a side-well and struck a gushing fountain of clear sour water—as sour as if half a gallon of vinegar had been injected into each pailful. It was not astringent, like alum water, but had the flavor of pure acetic acid. All sorts of minerals abounded, and sulphur springs are associated. Gas can anywhere be found by digging a few feet. That country ought to be speedily filled with an industrious and energetic population.

AN EXCELLENT BARGAIN.—It is reported that the Princess Alexandra when asked by the Prince of Wales for her hand in marriage, proposed to grant it for twenty-five shillings, which, said she, archly, is equal, you know, to one sovereign and one crown in England.

THE WHEAT CROP IN WISCONSIN.—The Madison Journal says that there never has been so much wheat in Wisconsin at any time as there is now. It estimates the crop at thirty million bushels.

A BIT OF REAL LIFE.—Not long since a young and pretty girl belonging to a family in good circumstances, living near Providence, took to keeping company with another girl in the neighborhood who had no like. On one occasion, as the two were about to set off in company for Providence, the father said to his daughter, "If you go to Providence with ——, you need not come home again." The girl took him at his word. Instead of returning home, she went to the house of a relative in the country, and soon after married a man to whom she was perfectly indifferent, "just out of spite." This man was drafted, and to avoid service made his way to a town in this neighborhood, where he committed a crime, for which he is now in jail in this city.

About a week ago the girl gave her relatives the slip and came here also. She had little or no money, and was obliged to dispose of her watch to meet necessary expenses. Officer Haywood discovered her here, ascertained her history, and sent word to her father to come to her rescue. He came on, but the girl had disappeared, and he went home again. Subsequently she was found, after a long search, in destitution and in rather questionable circumstances. She was prevailed upon to go to her home, where she was warmly received by her parents, and where her sad experience will prepare her to remain in content. She will probably seek a release from her hasty and unfortunate marriage.—*Norwich (Ct.) Bulletin.*

A RECKLESS GENERAL.—General Payne, of Illinois, commands a brigade in the Army of the Cumberland, composed of Ohio and Illinois troops. A soldier of the 79th Ohio sends to the Dayton Journal the following in reference to this officer:

One day, a wealthy old lady, whose plantation was near the camp, came and inquired for Gen. Payne. When the commander made his appearance, the old lady, in warm language, at once acquainted him with the fact that his men had stolen her last coop full of chickens, and demanded their restitution or their value in currency.

"I am sorry for you, madam," replied the General "but I can't help it. The fact is, madam, we are determined to squelch out the rebellion, if it takes every d——d chicken in Tennessee!"

This exhibition of utter recklessness of of means for the accomplishment of a purpose which the old lady deemed most *foul*, temporarily deprived her of the power of speech, and she passed from the presence of the General without asserting her right to "the last word."

THE STUARTS.—The Stuarts, who have figured in the Virginia and Maryland campaigns as active rebel officers, are descended from David Stuart, of Inverness, in Scotland, who claimed as his ancestor an illegitimate brother of Queen Mary. Implicated in the rebellion of 1715, under the lead of the Earl Pretender, David Stuart fled to Virginia, where he was engaged as tutor in the family of Mr. Brent, of Richland, Prince William county. Mr. Brent had married a Miss Gibbons (sister of Sir John Gibbons, member of Parliament for Middlesex,) and her sister being at the time on a visit to Virginia, Stuart succeeded in winning her affections, and she married him.

☞ SLIGHT OF HAND.—Refusing an offer of marriage.

JOB'S PATIENCE—AS VIEWED BY A LADY.—"If there is a proverb that needs revamping, is it 'the *patience of Job*.' Now, in the first place, Job wasn't patient. Like all the rest of his sex, from that day to the present, he could be heroic only for a little while at a time. He *began* bravely, but ended, as most of them do under annoyance, by cursing and swearing. Patient as Job! Did Job ever try, when he was hungry, to eat shad with a frisky baby in his lap? Did Job ever try, after nursing one all night, and upon taking his seat at the breakfast table the morning after, to pour out coffee for six people, and second cups at that, before he had a chance to take a mouthful himself? Pshaw! I've no patience with 'Job's patience.' It is of no use to multiply instances; but there's not a faithful house-mother in the land who does not out-distance him in the sight of man and angels every hour in the twenty-four." The lady who writes the above, would probably admit, however, that Job was *very* patient—for a man.

☞ WOOD VS. COAL.—Experiments of scientific railroad men prove that a pound of Cumberland coal is equal to 2.35 pounds of pine wood. On the Reading Railroad it was shown that one pound of anthracite has been equal to three pounds of pine wood.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is a better feeling in the Flour market. Sales comprise about 10,000 bbls, including 5000 City Mills, extra and extra family, chiefly the latter, on terms at part private. Western do at $6@6.25 for extra; $6.50@8.75 ₱ bbl, and old stock at $6@6.50, as to condition. The sales to the trade are moderate, within the range of $4.50@6.25 for superfine; $6.25@8.50 for extra; $8.50@9.50 for extra family, and $8.75@7.50 for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce, and selling in a small way at $5 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is also scarce, and in demand at full prices, and 2000 bbls Brandywine were taken at a price kept private.

GRAIN.—There is not much Wheat offering; sales of 20,000 bus to note for milling at $1.15 to 1.30 for common to choice new reds; $1.35 to 1.37 for old do; $1.40@1.43 for fancy Western, and $1.30 to 1.35 for white, as to quality, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is dull, and the receipts and sales limited at 88@90c for new, and $1@1.05 for old. Corn is better, and about 40,000 bus have been taken at 76@86c ₱ bus for sea mixed; 73@83c for inferior to good white, and 88@89c for yellow, and the latter very scarce. Oats are also better, and some 35,000 bus were disposed of at 55@57c for new, and 64@70c for old, weight. Barley and Malt continue dull, with sales of 5000 bus of the former on terms kept private. It is offered at $1.35 for Western.

PROVISIONS.—There is little or nothing doing in barrelled meats to alter quotations, and we quote Mess Pork at $14@15, and Mess Beef at $12@16. Bacon moves off slowly at 11 @13½c for plain and fancy Hams; 6c for Shoulders, and 7@7½c for Sides. Green meats are scarce and in demand at 9½c for Hams, and 9½ @9¾c for Shoulders, in salt, with sales of 200 pkgs at these rates. Lard is lower, with sales of tierce at 10½@10¾c for prime; 9@9½c for second quality, and 8@8½c for grease, closing more active. Kegs are scarce. Butter of prime quality is scarce, and sales are making at 15@ 18c for dairy, and 20@22c for choice Western and New York. Cheese is wanted at 11½@12c ₱ lb. Eggs are better and selling at 18@19c ₱ dozen.

COTTON.—The market has been excited and on the advance, and prices are 2@3c higher than last week, with sales of 400 bales to note, in small lots, at from 63 to 70c for ordinary to middling and good middling quality, cash.

ASHES are more off as wanted at steady rates.

BARK.—The inquiry is fair; sales of 100 hhds at $30 for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark remains unchanged.

BEESWAX.—There is little or none offering or selling, and we quote Yellow at 44@45c ₱ lb.

COAL.—The trade is fair but quiet, and there is not much doing either for shipment or home use.

COFFEE.—The market is very firm, with sales of 400 bags in small lots, mostly Rio, at 25¼@ 27½c, cash and 4 mos, and Jamaica at 30c.

COPPER continues dull and prices nominally unchanged. Yellow Metal Sheets are tame moderate at 27c for Sheets, and 29c for Bolts, on time.

FEATHERS continues scarce, and the sales in a small way only at 80@85c ₱ lb.

FRUIT.—Green fruit is arriving freely.—Peaches sell at $1@2 ₱ basket, and Apples at $3@3 ₱ bbl. Dried fruit is quiet and prices nominally unchanged.

HAY is more active and prices range at from 95c to $1.10 the 100 lbs.

HEMP.—The market is firm but very quiet.

HOPS are firmer and more active, and prices range at 18@22c ₱ lb.

IRON.—The market is firmer and rather more active, and good No 1 is scarce and wanted at $35 ₱ ton, 4 mos at $33,50, cash. A sale of 3000 tons Glendon Grey Forge was made at $31,50, cash. Scotch Pig is quiet. In manufactured Iron there is no change, and a moderate business doing in Bars and Rails at about previous rates.

LEAD is firm, but we hear of no sales to alter prices, and quote Galena at 8½ the 100 lbs.

LUMBER.—The receipts and sales are fair for the season, and the market is steady at $23@ 23 for White Pine, $20@22 for Yellow Sap Boards, $15@16 for Lehigh do. White Pine Shingles range at $18@21. Three cargoes of Laths sold at $1,62½ ₱ M, as in quality.

MOLASSES is firmer and more active, with sales of 1200 hhds Cubs to note at 35@36c for clayed and 38@42c for Muscovado, on time.

OILS.—Linseed is firm, and selling on arrival at $1@1½ ₱ ton.

RICE.—The stock is light, and the demand limited at 7¼@7½c ₱ lb for Java.

SEEDS.—There is a good demand for Timothy, with further sales at $2,75@3, and very little prime offering. Flaxseed sells on arrival at $2,25 ₱ bus. Clover continues at a stand still, and quotations are altogether nominal.

SPIRITS.—The market for Brandy and Gin is quiet and prices firm. N E Rum is also firmer, and selling at 45@47½c. Whiskey is very dull, and prices have advanced 3@4c ₱ gallon, with sales of Pa and Ohio bbls at 49@53c; 47@51c for hhds, and 46½@50c for Drudge.

SUGARS.—The market is more active, and prices fully ¼c better, with sales of 2000 hhds, chiefly Cubs, at 10@12c, on time.

TALLOW is in better demand and firmer, with sales of city at 10½@10¾c ₱ lb, now held higher.

TOBACCO.—There is nothing doing.

WOOL.—The market continues unsettled and dull; a few small lots only have been disposed of at 65@70c ₱ lb, mostly at 66@68c, for medium quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2375 head. The prices realized were about 7½ ₱ cwt. 150 Cows brought from $30 to 35 ₱ head. 3000 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 5¾c ₱ lb. 500 Hogs at from 8 to 8¼c ₱ lb net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 115 Nassau St., N. Y.
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JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ CANTEEN.—The word "canteen" has had a curious history. It is perhaps the only word in our language, which, originally English, passed into a foreign tongue, and was afterwards taken back in a modified form. As originally spoken by the Saxon it was simply *can*-een, but the Gaul, as is his wont, placing the noun before the adjective and pronouncing the latter *t* as *c*, brought out *ca-nteen*, pronounced *canteen*. Adopting a thousand other French military terms, the dull Englishman took back this only original word in a new shape, without any inquiries on the subject, and hence we now say canteen instead of its cousin.

☞ "Do you want your sentence attentive?" said Dr. Emmons; "then give them something to attend to."

☞ To a lover there are but two places in all the world—one where his sweetheart is, and the other where she isn't.

CONSOLATION FOR THE MISERABLES.
ONE TO SIX.

There is no disease either infectious, organic, malarious, epidemic, scrofulous, climatic, acute or inflammatory, but that ONE TO SIX bottles or boxes of Dr. Radway's Remedies will give to the patient satisfactory evidence of cure; and for advertised, remedy that fails to do the same, is unworthy of public confidence, and its use should henceforth be discontinued

AT ONCE.

Let the patient, suffering with pain, either internal or external, use RADWAY'S READY RELIEF, no matter what may be the cause, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Sore Throat, Pains in the Back, Chills and Fever, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Bilious Cholic, or if Cramps, Spasms, Burns or Scalds, Bruises, relief is immediately experienced, and a cure rapidly follows.

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Are likewise quick and thorough in their influence in expelling disease from the system, for all diseases where it is essential to use purgative medicines, from one dose to six doses will effect a thorough cure. Biliousness, Constipation, Indigestion, Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, are cured rapidly; they do not afford merely temporary relief, but effect a thorough cure. No piles or tenesmus, wrenching pains or hard straining follows their use.

DR. RADWAY'S CLEANSING SYRUP,

Called Renovating Resolvent, cures the worst skin diseases, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Sores of all kinds, Sore Heads, and Venereal Sores, Pimples, Blotches, &c., by the use of from one to six bottles.

"Sold by Druggists."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In St. Timothy's Church, Massillon, Ohio, Aug. 20, Mr. LORENZO WOOD, of DIXON, Ill. to Miss ISABELLA FLAGG, formerly of this city.

On the 13th of Aug. by the Rev. Danl. Gaston, Mr. ADAM H. WILSON, to Miss LIZZIE LAWSON, both of this city.

On the 20th of July, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. HENRY M. GEARY, to Miss IDA DUNGAN, both of this city.

On the 17th of Aug. by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. PETER MAGUIRE, to Miss ELIZABETH MILLS, both of this city.

On the 3d of June, by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. FERDINAND MOORE, to Miss SUSANNAH HAINES, both of this city.

On the 15th of March, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. JOHN H. ANDERSON, to Miss MARY A. FRENCH, both of this city.

On the 18th of Aug. by the Rev. Mr. Alday, Mr. SAMUEL J. PERRY, to Miss LIDE BOWEN, both of Richmond, Phila.

On the 16th of July, by the Rev. H. S. C. Clarke, D. D., Mr. WILLIAM M. HUEY, to Miss MARY GIBSON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, GEORGE WILEY, in his 89th year.

On the 1st instant, ANN EVANS, of Gwynnedd township, Montgomery county, in her 78th year.

On the 1st instant, Rev. CHARLES R. DEMME, D. D. in his 69th year.

On the 31st of Aug. ANN, wife of John Warr, engraver.

On the 31st of Aug. at Downingtown, Amanda, wife of Rev. Benj. F. String, aged 30 years.

On the 30th of Aug. JESSE C. KENSIL, in his 53d year.

On the 30th of Aug. Mrs. ELIZABETH LOWERY, in her 65th year.

On the 29th of Aug. Mrs. CATHARINE H. wife of Chas. Clarke, aged 46 years.

On the 29th of Aug. ROSABELLA M. YOUNG, aged 34 years.

On the 29th of Aug. Miss MARY ANDERSON, aged 74 years.

On the 28th of Aug. at Germantown, M. EMMA, wife of G. R. Duer, in her 32d year.

On the 27th of Aug. WILLIAM D. NEALL, in his 27th year.

500 WONDERS OF THE WORLD.—Whiskers and Mustaches—Gold and Silver—Love, Courtship, &c.—The Hunter's Secret—Angler's Secret, and a host of other Secrets, worth a fortune to any one, all sent free for 25 cts. Address J. W. STEPHENS, Morristown, N. J.

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The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.
This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists of this country for many years; in fact, wisely, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation, nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its Feed, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your Horses, CATTLE and Hogs in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder. Prepared *only by*
WILLIAM RALSTON,
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jly4-13t

For the Humor.

THE REBEL EXCURSION TO THE KEYSTONE STATE.

HOW ARE YOU, GENERAL LEE?

Of General Lee, the rebel chief, you all perhaps do know,
How he came North a short time since to spend a month or so:
But soon he found the climate warm, altho' a Southern man,
And quickly hunted up his cabin, and toddled home again.

CHORUS—How are you, General Lee? It is; why don't you longer stay?
How are your friends in Maryland and Pennsylvania?

Jeff. Davis met him coming back; "Why, General Lee," he said,
"What makes you look and stagger so? there's whiskey in your head."
"Not much, I think," says General Lee; "no whiskey's there, indeed;
What makes me feel so giddy is, I've taken too much Meade."

CHORUS—How are you, General? &c.

"But you seem ill, yourself, dear Jeff., you look quite sad enough;
I think, while I've been gone, Old Abe has used you rather rough."
"Well, yes, he has, and that's a fact; it makes me feel downcast,
For they've bothered us at Vicksburg, so 'tis Greated them at last."

CHORUS—Then, how are you, Jeff. Davis? What is it makes you sigh?
How are your friends in Vicksburg and in Mississippi?

"Yes, Vicksburg they have got quite sure, and Richmond soon they'll take;
At Port Hudson, too, they have some Banks I fear we cannot break;
While Rosecrans, in Tennessee, swears he'll our army flog,
And prove if Bragg's a terrier good, Holdfast's a better dog."

CHORUS—How are you, Jeff. Davis? Would you not like to be
A long way out of Richmond and the Confederacy?
For with "Porter" on the river, and "Meade" upon the land,
I guess you'll find that those mixed drinks are more than you can stand.

—*New York Clipper.*

ARTEMUS WARD

TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Friend Wales:—You remember me. I saw you in Canady a few years ago. I remember you, too. I seldim forgit a person.

I hearn of your marrige to the Prinsis Alexandry, & ment to writ you a congratoolatory letter at the time, but I've bin bildin a barn this summer, & hain't had no time to write letters to folks. Excoos me.

Numerix changes has tooken place since we met in the body politic. The body politic, in fack, is sick. I sumtimes think it has got biles, friend Wales.

In my country we've got a war, while your country, in conjunktion with Cap'n Sems of the Alabarmy, manotanes a nootral position.

I'm frald I can't write goaks when I sit about it. Oh, no, I guess not!

Yes, sir, we've got a war, and the troo patrix has to make sacrifisses, you bet.

I have already given two cousins to the war, & I stand reddy to sacrifise my wife's brother ruther'n not see the rebelyin krusht. And if wuss cums to wuss, I'll shed ev'ry drop of blud my able-bodid relations has got to proscekoot the war. I think sumbody oughter be proscekoted, and it may as well be the war as anybody else. When I git a goakin fit onto me it's no use to try ter stop me.

* * * * * * *

But all this is furrin to the purpuss of this note, arter all. My objeo in now addressing you is to giv you some advice, friend Wales, about managin' your wife, a bizness I've had over thirty years' experience in.

As I sed, I manige my wife without any particular trouble. When I fust commenst trainin' her I instikooted a series of experiments, and them as didn't work I abanding'd. You'd better do similer. Your wife may objeck to gittin' up and buildin' the fire in the morning, but if you commence with her at once you may be able to overkum this prejoodis. I regret to observe that I didn't commence arly enuff. I wouldn't have you s'pose I was ever kicked out of bed. Not at all. I simply say, in regard to bildin' fires, that I didn't commence arly enuff. It was a ruther cold mornin' when I fust proposed the idee to Betsy. It wasn't well received, and I found myself layin' on the floor putty suddent. I thought I'd git up and bild the fire myself.

It's best to giv a woman constittle leoway. But not too much. A saber of mine, Mr. Hoodo Miskins, was once very sick with the fever, but his wife moved his bed into the dooryard while she was cleanin' house. I told Hoodoo this wasn't the thing, decidedly as it was rekkin' vi'lently; but he said he wanted to giv his wife "a little leoway." That was 2 much. I told Mrs. Miskins that Mr. Hoodoo would be in better shape for cool draughts in the rain much longer; when she said, "It shan't be my fault if he don't improove!" at the same time lendin' him his mother's Bible. It was orful! I stood by, however, and nussed him, do well's I could, but I was a putty wet-nuss, I tell you.

There's varis ways of managin' a wife, frind Wales, but the best and only sure way for to let her do just about as she wants to. I dopted that there plan sum time ago, and it works like a charm.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wales, and good luck to you both! And as years roll by, and accidents begin to happen to you—among which I hope there'll be twins—you will agree with me that family joys air the only ones a man can bet on with any certainty of winnin'.

It may interest you to know that I'm prosperin' in a pecooniary plat of view. I make 'bout as much in the course of a year as a Cabinet officeur does, & I understan' my bizniss a good deal better than sum of 'em do.

Respecks to St. George & the Dragon.

"Ever be happy."

A. WARD.

FALLING FROM GRACE.

Zed Jones was a man somewhat less of stature than Goliah of Gath, though possessing perhaps as much physical strength. So the village wrestlers thought, when, out of sport, he took up a whole handful of them and dashed them on the ground. During a religious revival, Zed was converted and joined the Methodist church. One evening, while on his way from class-meeting, he was assailed by half a dozen of his former companions, shouting—

"How Zed has become a Christian and cannot fight, let's give him a thrashing."

"Hold a moment," interposed Zed, putting forth an arm as long as a rail. "I know a Christian cannot fight. But I belong to a denomination which believes in falling from grace; and," continued the new convert, planting his foot more firmly on the earth, and towering up like a giant in the moonlight, his arm falling back to an angle of forty-five degrees, "if I should fall from grace," here he lowered his voice to a tone of ominous solemnity, and advancing three paces towards his retreating assailants, "if I *should* fall from grace, woe be unto you!"

The scamps, overawed by a doubt of the saint's perseverance, decamped with precaution, leaving Zed as Apollyon left Christian, to go on his way rejoicing.

MARRIED BY CHANCE.

The Count de M—— lived in a state of single and independent blessedness. He was yet young, very rich, and was surrounded by everything that could give enjoyment to life—except a wife. He had frequently thought of becoming a husband, but always declared off before the knot was tied. Once, however, he found himself very nearly committing the folly of matrimony. A young person, the daughter of one of his friends, pleased him—her fortune pleased him, not less, perhaps, than her beauty and accomplishments, and there were other reasons of convenience, etc., to justify the union.

The Count, who had so frequently made the first step towards matrimony, but as frequently drawn back, had not yet decided upon the course he should adopt in this case—he had promised the friends of the lady repeatedly, but had made no outward sign of performance. His future mother, however, knowing his weakness in this respect, resolved to bring matters to a termination, and therefore demanded of the Count whether he would or would not marry her daughter, and requested an immediate reply. The Count found himself in great embarrassment. At this moment his fears and hesitation returned with more force than ever—he trembled at the consequences.

To give up his cherished habits of bachelorhood, he found, was hard—it was almost impossible to abandon them. In this emergency, he resolved to appeal to chance. He wrote two letters—in the one he accepted the hand of the young lady, in the other refused it. He then put them into a hat, and called his servant.

"Take one of these letters," said he, "and carry it to the Chateau de——."

"Which, sir?"

"Which you please."

The servant chose a letter. The Count burnt the other without opening it.

A distance of ten leagues separated the two chateaus. The domestic must be absent twenty-four hours; twenty-four hours must elapse before the Count knew his fate. His situation is anything but agreeable—he knows not during twenty-four hours whether he is a married man or a single one—whether he has still the power to dispose of himself, or whether he is already disposed of. The domestic returned—he had carried the letter of acceptation, and M. de M—— is, even at this time, the happiest husband in that part of the country.

☞ A country editor received a remittance, with the request to send the paper as long as the money lasted. He indulged in a bit of a spree, got broke, and respectfully announced to his subscriber that according to his own terms, his subscription was out.

PER-FECT-LY WE-DICULOUS!

CONDUCTOR (Setting Down Two of his Passengers).—"Change, sir? Oh, I beg yer pardon, sir, I took for two! I thought this young woman was along o' you, sir!"

LET ALL THE LINE ADVANCE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CHARLES MORRIS.

"Let all the line advance!"
Thou, Alleghany, from thy peaks,—
Or is it Freedom's voice that speaks?
Hark! all the hills with swift reply,
Shout to the welkin, "Victory!"
With pennon, plume, and lance,
I see the charging squadrons wheel,
They crush thy sod with iron heel,
At Liberty's command,
Oh lovely Cumberland!

The massive columns go,
Potomac, o'er thy crouching tide,
That lately swelled in loyal pride,
Till o'er their wide and ample banks
The waters rushed in gleaming ranks
Against the flying foe.
The scorching heat, the drenching rains,
Virginia's red and ruined plains,
Or battle's stern array,
In vain their march would stay.

The West takes up the cry;
Thy rugged hills, brave Tennessee,
Quake with the flying enemy;
At last their stony summits feel
The sturdy kiss of loyal steel,
Our banners floating by.
"Press on! Press on! brave hearts!" they shout
From every glen and cavern out,
While hopes of freedom haunt
Their hearts of adamant.

Down the great river flow
Those mighty tones; proud Vicksburg hears,
They ring in far Port Hudson's ears;
And everywhere the Union bands
With death and thunder in their hands
Press hotly on the foe.
They yield! they yield! Helena leaps,
And back the fierce invader sweeps,
While Mississippi free
Rolls downward to the sea.

The word goes down the coast;
And the iron eagles of the sea
From every side rush eagerly
To hurl their vast and ponderous balls
Against stout Sumter's granite walls,—
And "Charleston" is the toast.
To the wild thunder of the fort
They rock and quiver in retort,
While with tremendous voice
Their fiery guns rejoice.

"Let all the line advance!"
Oh, welcome sound! the squadrons dart
Their flags of steel in Treason's heart;
In the red footsteps of the war
The marching columns follow far;
Hope wakens from her trance;
And fiercely round each rebel state
The wild artillery slate
In triumph to the sky
Is shouting "victory!"

Ho! Freedom, from your height,
In dreadful wonder to the stars
Uplift the fiery helm of Mars,
For now the sword must aid the pen,
And now all brave, true-hearted men,
Do battle for the right.
From every cliff, from every crag,
Set far afloat our noble flag,
That all the world may see
Thy triumph, Liberty.

SERVANTGIRLISM IN AUSTRALIA.

A correspondent of an exchange paper gives an amusing account of the perplexities of a citizen of Beechworth, who displeased with the lady who cooked his dinner and scraped his door step, sent to a Melbourne Servants' Home for a first-class general servant, whose railway fare of course he paid in advance. In the fullness of time a young lady, in a high state of fashion, was deposited at his door. She had on a dress of moire antique, a silk paletot, and a sky scraping bonnet, with the usual samples from the market garden. Besides holding up the dress, the one hand was engaged in the transport of a scented handkerchief and a long-fingered parasol, while the other sustained the smelling-bottle and a photographic likeness of the young gentleman to whom this lady's vows were plighted. She took the house by storm, and continued in it in such a state of gentility and refinement—which extended to everything but her pronunciation of the English language—that it was found a perfect relief when her health began to fail, from the drudgery of household work, and the want of horse exercise. That was literally the verdict of the young lady's medical attendant. So she left and went her way in quest of some eligible place where ladies of all-work are sent out to take airings on horseback.

☞ The religious persecutor abominates the smell of a raw heretic, but greatly enjoys the odor of a roasted one.

Agricultural.

A VISION OF STEAM FARMING.

A writer for the Valley Farmer, whose articles are dated Ashland Farm, Ky., is publishing a series of essays on the revolution which steam-power is about to make in the business of cultivating the soil. We copy his remarks upon the change in field arrangements, and in the extent of operations, which must be effected before farming by steam can be made profitable.

As I have already stated, when we get to farming by steam, it will be done on a large scale. Therefore, in devising our plans for a steam farm, we lose sight of ten and twenty-acre fields, and think only of those that contain from one hundred to five hundred acres.

If you are blessed with an abundance of fencing material, and conclude that you will have no fields smaller than one hundred acres, I shall expect you to tear down the fences upon the old farm or plantation, and rebuild them, so as to form one-hundred acre fields, or as near that as may be convenient, and at the corners of these fields, where they meet in the centre of each four hundred acres, I shall direct you to dig a well, and connect to it a force-pump, that shall be operated from a belt wheel upon the engine of the steam-plough, and by which means the machine will be enabled to draw up into its tank the water it requires. Over this well I want you to build a rough but substantial house, of sufficient capacity to admit of the engine running into it from either one of the four fields, to take on wood and water while at work, and to have ample room to store away a large quantity of prepared wood or coal for the use of the engine. If it is wood you expect to use for fuel, I shall also want you to be provided with a portable circular saw and frame, set up within said building—which, hereafter, we will call the station-house—which likewise shall be operated from a belt-wheel upon the engine, for the purpose of making the machine saw its own wood.

If the farm is devoted wholly to the culture of grain, the station should be provided with the necessary granaries. It must be the store house not only for the steam-plough and its machinery, but for the threshing-machine also. In short it must be made the depository for everything used and produced upon the land allotted to it.

THE MULE.—A correspondent of the Wisconsin Farmer points up the merits of the mule as compared with the horse, as follows:—1. He is much more easily and cheaply raised than his cousin, the horse. 2. He eats but little more than half as much when matured. 3. He is satisfied with and thrives upon a coarser kind of pepperader. 4. It costs less to keep him in harness and in shoes. 5. He is proportionately stronger. 6. He is very much tougher. 7. He is less liable to disease. 8. He has more sense and docility. 9. He is better adapted to some important kinds of work. 10. He is a true puller, and, when loaded, a quicker traveller. 11. He sells for a better price. 12. He lives more than twice as long. 13. He is better looking! [No accounting for taste.] 14. In nothing but fleetness is he excelled by the horse.

SHADE A FERTILIZER.—One holds that darkness favors the deposition of nitrate of potash, which is a fertiliser, in the soil. Another, that shade brings in the earth-worm, whose perambulations benefit the soil. Wherever there is a flat stone or board, or heap of rubbish, thither comes the earth-worm. He is a regular sapper and miner, boring the ground for a foot deep, with a multitude of holes, and leaving behind in his excretions a compost which is quite enriching. He is a Jethro Tull, tilling the ground, and so fertilizing it with the gases of the atmosphere.

A NEW DISCOVERED USE OF MANURE.—It is found that manure decomposes the soil when applied. Such is the testimony of our foreign experimentors, who are always ahead of us in chemical discoveries. This is an important fact, if true; and there can hardly be any doubt of its truth. A chemical change takes place in manure. The chemicals must certainly affect the soil they come in contact with. Even flint is affected by them.

Useful Receipts.

CASTOR OIL.—The medical men of Paris recommend the following way of administering castor oil to children:—The quantity of oil prescribed is poured into a small earthen pan, over a moderate fire, an egg broken into it and stirred up so as to form something like what cooks call buttered eggs; when it is done a little salt or sugar, or a few drops of orange water, or some currant jelly should be added. The sick child will eat it eagerly and never discover the fraud.

REMEDY FOR BURNS.—The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance will soothe the pain and effectually exclude the burned parts from the air. This simple remedy seems far preferable to collodion or even cotton.

PRESERVED GRAPES.—The French preserve grapes the year round by coating the clusters with lime. The bunches are picked just before they are thoroughly ripe, and dipped in lime-water of the consistency of thin cream. They are then hung on wires, and when dry are dipped the second time, and then hung up to remain. The lime coating keeps out air and checks any tendency to decay. When wanted for the table, dip the clusters in warm water to remove the lime.

MACAROONS.—These little cakes are much admired, and are a very agreeable addition to the dessert. The following is a receipt for preparing them:—"To a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, take four teaspoonsful of orange-flower water, the whites of six eggs, and one pound of sifted white sugar. Blanch the almonds, (remove the brown skin,) and pound them with the orange-flower water, or some of the white of an egg; then wisk the whites of the eggs, and add them gently to the almonds. It is important that these two ingredients should be carefully added, or they will "oil" or separate. Sift the sugar into the mixture until the whole forms a paste, not too stiff to drop upon white paper, which should be placed in a tin, or on a plate, and the whole baked in a slow oven till done.

TOMATOES FOR SUPPER.—Few people know how to prepare uncooked tomatoes in the way adopted in my family, and incomparably better than any mode I have ever tasted. By this mode they are very desirable for supper or for breakfast. For a family of half a dozen persons, take six eggs, boil four of them *hard*, dissolve the yolks with vinegar sufficient, add about three teaspoons of mustard, and mash as smooth as possible; then add the two remaining eggs, (raw,) yolk and white, stir well; then add oil to make altogether sauce sufficient to cover the tomatoes well; add plenty of salt and cayenne pepper, and beat thoroughly until it frosts. Skin and cut the tomatoes a full fourth of an inch thick, and pour the sauce over, and you have a dish fit for a President.

Though a little troublesome to prepare, yet if once eaten by people who are blessed with palates to enjoy good things, they will be pronounced to be far superior to any other mode of preparation. We use them constantly in this way for these meals. For dinner they are the best stewed, but they should always be strained before sending to table.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

☞ Many people's heads are like the head of a glass of porter—all froth.

The Riddler.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL HEROGRAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 44 letters.

My 24, 5, 43, 38, 13, 18, 32, was a festival in Jerusalem.

My 19, 26, 41, 15, 35, 7, 8, was a splendid and wealthy but wicked city of Greece.

My 13, 25, 36, 40, 12, was a city in the land of Nod.

My 37, 6, 18, 33, 20, 27, 30, 31, 22, 44, was a town of Crete.

My 17, 36, 28, 18, 42, 38, 33, was the earliest inhabitants of Mount Seir.

My 41, 29, 9, 17, 3, 16, 23, was the "Valley of Giants."

My 1, 18, 26, 35, was one of the hills of Jerusalem.

My 11, 20, 14, 30, 14, was the name of a river and town of Babalonia.

My 43, 26, 15, 19, 34, 33, was a valley of Judah, in which Hebron was situated.

My whole was Joseph's Egyptian name, and its signification.

Mount Carroll, Ill. ANDROS.

RIDDLE.

Among the snakes, I rock of one,
Not born of earthly breed,
And with this serpent vieth none,
In terror, or in speed.

It darts upon its helpless prey
With roar both loud and high;
In one destruction borne away,
Rider and steed must die.

In highest place it loves to bide,
No door may bar its path,
And scaly armor's iron pride
Will but attract its wrath.

The firmest earth it ploughs amain,
How tough soe'er it be—
As brittle reeds are snapt in twain
'Twill rend the mightiest tree.

Yet hath this monster, grim and fierce
Ne'er twice with prey been fed,
But once its fiery tooth can pierce—
It slayeth—and is dead.

CHARADE.

My first I hope you are,
My second I see you are,
And my whole you always shall be.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B, and C purchased a grindstone 40 inches in diameter, 4 inches thick at the outer edge, and 6 inches thick in the centre (at the eye). How much of the diameter must each grind down to get an equal share? And how many cubic inches in the stone, allowing 5 inches square in the centre for the waste?

Scott Co., Iowa. MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman has a cask of wine containing 60 gallons. In the bottom of this cask there is a cock, through which, when open, the wine can escape at the rate of 5 gallons per minute, and through a hole in the top water can be let in at the same rate. The supply hole and discharge each are both opened at the same instant, and the water, as fast as it flows in, is supposed to mingle perfectly with the wine. Required—the length of time it will take for half the wine to run out, and the quantity of wine remaining in the cask at the end of 6 minutes? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Echo's Suggestion.—What will enable us to take Knoxville? Echo answers "*Buell will.*"

☞ Why is the letter F like Gen. Meade? Ans.—Because it makes Lee flee.

☞ Why is a spider like a toper? Ans.—Because he loves to take a suck at a blue bottle.

☞ Why is an adjective like a drunken man? Ans.—Because it cannot stand alone.

☞ Why are the hoops like obstinate men? Ans.—Because they often stand out about trifles. (Somebody unknown to us perpetrates the above.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA.—The Southern Confederacy. CHARADE.—Vickie Spencer.

Answer to R. Barto's PROBLEM published July 26th—On A 153,846 pounds, B 288,305, C 269,383 pounds, and on D 238,326 pounds. R. Hagerty, Baltimore, and D. Diefenbach, Pennsylvania.

Answer to my DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM, published July 25th—The numbers are 3029966, 4529988, 6689064, and 89-86219. Artemas Martin, Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Answer to PROBLEM by E. M. Weimer, published Aug. 1st.—The piece of land contains 156,6231 acres. D. Diefenbach, Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.; Ecoller, Barnesville, Ohio; R. Hagerty, Baltimore; Gill Bates, Iowa; and A. Martin, Venango Co., Pa.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM, published Aug. 1st—A grinds 4.06 in., B 4.58, and the remainder—solidity of stone 5032.2 cubic in. E. Hagerty and D. Diefenbach. 11.59, 4.57, and 2.89 in.—area of grindstone 4711.38 cubic in. Gill Bates, Hopeville, Iowa.